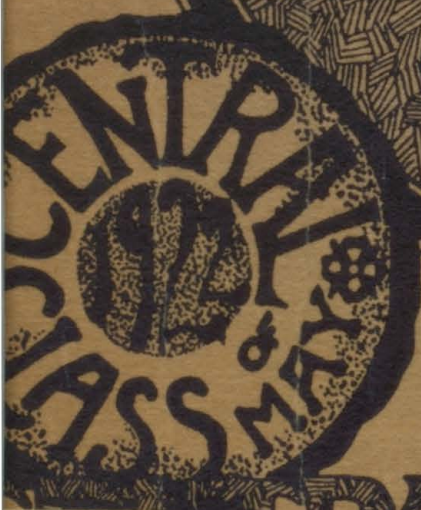


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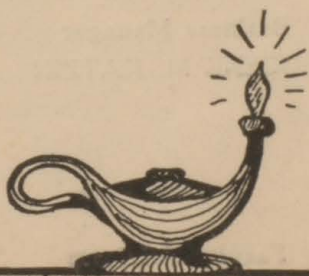
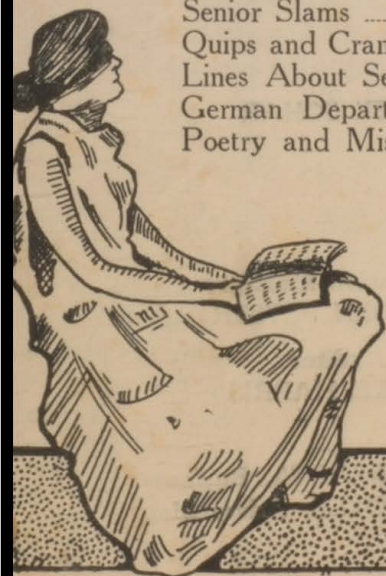
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THE PIVOT

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LASSER

THE PIVOT

NEWARK,

MAY, 1922

NEW JERSEY

Published on the first Wednesday of every month in the interest of and by the pupils of the Central Commercial and Manual Training High School. For advertising rates communicate with the Business Manager of The Pivot.

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VOL. XVII

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, NEWARK, N. J.

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EDITORIALS

To Dance or Not to Dance

Centralities you have a problem to solve. It is whether dances shall be continued in Central on Thursday afternoons or not. As we all know the Central Service Club has been conducting these dances. The proceeds are used to enlarge our organ fund. These dances have not proved successful. You ask why? The reason is that you have not been attending them. These dances have been drawing the flotsam from Barringer, and South Side High Schools.

Now Centralites, the Central Service Club has run into debt. This debt must be met somehow and unless you attend the dances, the G. O. will lose a large amount of money, and our Organ Fund will never be swelled.

Let us meet the question in a sincere and direct manner. Students of Central, by that I mean those who have not attended the dances lately but did attend them a year ago. Do you really want to attend these dances again? If you have any objections, the PIVOT would be glad to accept them in written form and publish them so that the entire school may know why our students do not attend our dances. This is

a serious question. The time has arrived when we either must abolish dances in Central or arouse a spirit of loyalty for them.

The gatherings that we get on a Thursday afternoon in our north lunch room are not of the best type. They are slowly disgracing our school. We don't want the scum of other schools to come to Central and pollute our school. We want to bar these people and have only our own students dance. The other schools of Newark will not allow students from other schools to dance in their buildings, except by special invitation.

Centralites, we must help the Central Service Club because it has done some splendid work for us. We must help our organ fund because we know the benefits that will be derived from the organ. We must help Central, because if we don't attend, the outsiders will, and we will suffer in our reputation for things we have never done. Last of all we want to have a good time once a week after studying, and dancing is the best form of recreation. Attend your dances, Centralites.

—L. G.

The Better Way

The Better Way, a quarterly publication issued by the Newark Council of Colored Boys' Work has come to our notice lately. This little magazine has all the qualities of a seasoned paper. The boys of this club also deserve a good deal of credit for the splendid work that they have accomplished in the short time that they have existed.

Starting last May with only four clubs and two Boy Scout Troops, these boys have through their incessant activity enlarged the Newark Council to fifteen well organized clubs and the Scout Troops now have two hundred members.

The boys participate in all athletic activities. Dur-

ing last summer they attended two camps. The council is planning to hold an athletic meet this fall.

In the promotion of the welfare of this council, the Central community Board of Colored Boys' Work and the Rotary Club of Newark played a big part in encouraging the boys to continue their work. Their success can well be seen.

Go to it boys. Keep up your good work. Organization at present is the big problem. Only the well organized succeed in any undertakings. We wish you success in all your future activities. Let us hear from you again.

L. G.

TAKE NOTICE

It is gratifying to note that our students have not spent their time in shows and moving picture places as was expected. In the library during the whole Easter vacation, Centralites could be seen studiously poring over the "World of Books," for a reason only known by our English department.

The students are also beginning to take a keen interest in the welfare of the PIVOT, for which it wishes to express its thanks to them. The PIVOT is sorely in need of new writers. We of the Journalist Club urge those students who are not acquainted with the methods of the PIVOT work to attend the Journalist Club meeting every Monday in Room 402. Every

student in Central has an opportunity to become member of the PIVOT Staff. Only his ambition and qualifications limit him. We are willing to extend every encouragement to students who wish to write for the PIVOT. Some may think that it is a waste of time to contribute to this school artery. We may casually state here that the students who have been interested in the PIVOT have also improved their work in English. Sevens and sixes in English have risen to eights and nines. Come to the Journalist meeting and discover whether you are an author. If you are not, we will make you one.

L. G.

NOSTER PRINCEPS NOBILIS

Our own, our very own,
The helping hand, the strengthening heart,
The student's treasured friend
Noster Princeps Nobilis.

ALMA MATER

The soft robed Memories hover in your halls,
And watch Ambition's own tread by
With confident youthful feet;
To hold eager palms to Literature and Art;

To make a home within your heart,
And painful happiness floods the conqueror's soul
The tears overwhelms Triumph's eye :
Oh, Mother of Faiths, when your child recalls
Your patience, your parting sigh.

Our own, our very own,
The guiding hand, the striving heart
The author of your happiness
Foster Princeps Nobilis.

SPRING

Hail sweet Spring oh hail!
With your soft breathed showers;
Hail dear Spring, oh hail!
Give us bright gay flowers.

Come modest ling'ring Spring
Bathed in sweet scented breezes,
And to us fine perfumes bring
While warmth each flower seizes.

Hesitate dear Spring no more,
For we wait for thee;

Knock gently at dear Nature's door
And our companion be.

We can feel thee gently treading
O'er the bleak earth's mould.
We are still the winter dreading
With its gloom and cold.

So hurry ever gentle Spring
And o'er us softly hover;
We'll round thee form a joyous ring
To welcome thee, dear lover.

HELEN PETERSON, 411.

LITERATURE

A DREAM

By LOUIS GOLDMAN

He had resolved to be a knight of the road. It had been his chief aim in life since boyhood. Now as the years had passed it had instilled itself in him so strongly that he could not resist the temptation. He would start at the first signs of spring. That was the time when the birds began to sing, and trees and flowers began to sprout. He had read about these wonderful transformations of nature, but being city-bred, he had never seen the actual phenomena. As he sat in his comfortable arm chair with his pipe, beautiful pictures of hidden nooks with springs of clear fresh water and picturesque overhanging willows such as are portrayed only in books, came to him.

Suddenly he found himself walking through a dark forest. The path that he had taken was covered with wild flowers. Bright red, green, yellow, and blue colors struck his eye wherever he turned. The huge trees formed a great archway which let only a few of the stronger sunbeams penetrate, thus adding another effect of beauty as the light struck in white spots along the path. This was what he had craved to see all his life. Here was joy for him. He decided to stay here forever. After the dingy monotonous life that he had led in the city this was a paradise. "O," thought he, "if only more people would appreciate nature in her original state before man laid his pernicious hand upon her, and tried to improve the perfect.

Onward he walked. The birds in the trees sang their mysterious songs to an unknown power which he could not understand. How free they seemed in this

vast space where no human being penetrated. This was what nature had planned, that the earth should be for her children when out the chaos was formed the sphere that he was now viewing in a small measure. But man did not appreciate what nature wished to teach him and he created an inferno for himself, where everything was meant to be a Utopia for him.

So he mused as he walked onward. At length he came to a cabin which seemed deserted. He knocked upon the door but no one seemed to answer him. He tried to open the door but found that it was locked. Walking around to the side he looked in through the window. Horror of horrors, there upon the floor lay the body of a beautiful maiden. Rushing to the door, he gave a mighty heave which forced the door inward. It yielded after the hinges had given away. He knelt before the body. It was that of a young girl of about eighteen summers. Her hair was golden. Her eyes which were motionless staring upward, were of the softest blue like the very heavens. As he looked into her face a certain sadness crept into his heart. Here was man's desolation of the great mother earth. Did that mother instruct her children to commit acts of this kind? Did she give life to this beautiful creature in order that it might be snuffed out in the manner that it was? These questions surged through his brains.

He got up and slowly walked to the door. In the distance he saw a posse of horsemen coming toward the cabin. He watched them silently as they approached. Arriving at the cabin one of them, the

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leader, came to him and asked him whether he had seen a young girl about the premises. He pointed into the room. The leader looked in and then called to several of his assistants. They seized the knight of the road and bound him. This was a new experience to him. He asked them the reason for such actions. "You can't fool us," they replied, "we've got the evidence on you." He was mystified. "What do you mean?" he asked. The leader a burly hard-faced rough individual, replied: "We mean that you killed this girl and we are going to hang you to the nearest tree." The knight of the road tried to remonstrate with these men. He endeavored to explain to them that he was not guilty of this awful crime. His pleadings were in vain. They would not listen. They placed him on a horse and rode out of the woods.

While he was riding with his hands bound, behind him, but his mind free as the little birds that he had envied that very morning, he reflected on the strange turn that fate had taken. Only that morning he had resolved to live close to nature to be done with man. Here he was about to face death for a crime that he had never committed. Did his great mother, Nature, decide for him to die as that young girl had died, an innocent victim sacrificed to the selfish desires of man. Did she lead his steps toward that cabin where several hours before he had planned to live as the birds and the flowers do. "Were these birds free?" he asked himself. "Did not man come often to this forest to destroy them Oh! the brutal selfishness of man!"

The party had arrived at the top of a plateau

where a large tree was located. Here the leader dismounted and led the knight of the road under the tree. A noose was quickly thrown about his neck. He cast his eyes once more across the great panorama of mother earth. He would soon be part of the dust that would add little more to her soil. As the noose tightened about his neck his spirit rebelled. It did not want to be crushed out in this way. Life had only begun to take root in him. He wanted to see the trees grow. He wanted to understand what the birds were saying. This was not to be. A strange power had decreed otherwise, and man, his brother, was fulfilling this decree by choking out his last breath of life. The noose grew tighter. He imagined that he saw the beautiful girl looking at him with piteous eyes. Those eyes, where had he seen them before? They seemed to penetrate into the depths of his heart, and read the regret that was written there for being forced to leave so untimely this life. There was, however, a hope shining forth in those eyes. Now he began to feel that life was ebbing away. The picture of the fields and mountains began to swim. He choked. Oh how he choked. Then he felt no more. His last feeling was a darkness and then a shining light then darkness again. He was gone.

* * * *

Suddenly he jumped out of bed. The sun was already high in the skies. His sister was scolding him for being late to breakfast. What a relief to feel that he was still alive, that it was all a dream and that the beautiful blue-eyed golden haired girl was scolding him instead of lying still as he had last seen her.

A SENIOR'S VANITY

By HANNAH STEIN

On what foundation stands the senior's pride?
He struts and stares and does not care to hide
His scornful eyes and elevated nose,
As he beholds the freshman's downcast pose,
Who bears in silent anger and distress
His haughty air and lofty lordliness.
And wherefore all this pride, for cutting class,
And playing baseball on the front lawn grass;
For coming up to class with no work done;
Neglecting lessons for the sake of fun;
Creating for the teachers curious names;
And boasting often of his many flames,

With smirking insolence behind their backs,
And playing pranks the teacher's strength to tax;
Young freshman, be not dazed by his great stare;
He's making use, which is not very fair,
Of all your ignorance, and little ken,
As seniors do to freshmen now and then,
Because you're new to many of their ways,
And do not know their pass-works, yells or lays;
Do not be over-awed by such proud glance,
For well we know that if you're giv'n the chance
A grad of Central High School soon you'll be,
And what a great man later, we shall see!

CARROTS

By NANETTE LURIE

"My Gawd!"

"Stop swearing, Ellen!"

"Well, if you saw what I saw, you'd swear too."

"What'd y'see?" queried the other girl eagerly.

"I've been to Barnum's twice and I've visited all the side shows, but this freak beats them all!"

"What freak?"

"Oh well, you know, the first period being free, was going into the office to help Miss Martine, but just as I crossed the threshold I saw—a girl, in such a rig that upon seeing her, I nearly collapsed. I'll say she's a sight."

"Oh Ellen, I'd love to see her!"

"You would, well just ————— oh, gracious, ere she comes!"

"Oh!" gasped Margie as there appeared in the corridor, a girl of medium height. Above her shiny black boots there hung a dark brown corduroy skirt supported by a heavy leather belt, embellished with nickel platings. Above that could be seen a khaki colored blouse adorned by a flaming red tie; and in glancing upward one immediately noticed a healthy tanned complexion, a shapely nose, a pair of large gray eyes and a mass of glorious red hair, that persisted in peeping out from under the huge sombrero, above which there projected outwards a bright yellow feather, placed there perhaps to give a better effect.

At any rate the girls stood speechless, watching every movement of the westerner, who after gazing curiously at her surroundings, walked over to the two girls and said in a low rich voice: "Could you tell me where room 301A is?"

Room 301A—why that's Betty's room; what do you wish there?"

"That's to be my room—you see I'm to board here."

"Oh, I really can't, though at another time I'd be sorry, but I can't accommodate you for just now I'm very busy. But perhaps Margie will take you there," and thereupon she walked off, her head lifted with corn.

"Oh, I really can't though at another time I'd be glad to do so," and Margie's nose reached a high altitude as she marched off after Ellen.

"Hasn't she got the nerve though!" Margie exclaimed, as she caught up to Ellen. "Imagine that country jane trying to speak to us!" and the nose went higher. "I'm going to snub her whenever I can, and you will too, eh, Margie?"

"Of course I will, and I'll show her her place."

Meanwhile the westerner was trying to puzzle out her former reception. "I wonder," she murmured, "whether they really had no time or whether they thought I wasn't good enough for them to speak to. My, how uppish city girls are," and the gray eyes filled with tears. "Well, I may as well try to find the room myself."

Slowly she walked along the corridor, and so absorbed was she in her thoughts that before she was aware of it, she had bumped into a girl, and a pair of frank brown eyes were raised questioningly at her.

"Why I beg your pardon, but who—er are you?" exclaimed the newcomer.

"Oh, perhaps you can help me. I'm looking for a certain room and I've already asked two girls, but they turned up their noses and went away."

"The horrid things! That must be Ellen and Margie. I'll speak to them. But tell me the number, perhaps I can help you."

"301A."

"Why that's my room! Oh Jiminy, that's splendid. I've been alone since Florence left—she was my room mate. But come, let's go."

"Since we are to be room mates we ought to know each other's names," declared the brown-eyed maid, when they were finally seated comfortably in the spacious room. "Mine's Betty, and yours?"

"Mine," said the westerner, "is Sheila Mary Ann Briggs."

"Oh," gasped Betty, "why we—why we couldn't call you all that. Let's make it shorter."

"But I —————."

"Uh-huh."

"Suppose I call you Carrots—you have such wonderful red hair—could I?"

"Well," she drawled, "if you wish to you may. I reckon a name doesn't count for much anyway."

"That's lovely. I'm so glad you don't mind. Now let's see, haven't you any other —————er clothes? These make you awfully conspicuous."

Why surely, I've got a whole trunkful, but they are to be shipped from New York; and at present I have no others."

"I can't let you go in these clothes or you'd be the laughing-stock of the school. But wait a moment—" and Betty rushed to the closet, dragged forth a trunk, threw back the lid and there lay her best clothing. "Here," she exclaimed triumphantly, "pick out anything you wish!"

At first there were some protests, but these were quieted, and soon Carrots stood arrayed in borrowed finery. Quite different from her former appearance.

"Now that you look presentable, I'll take you down to get acquainted with the girls."

Upon reaching the first landing, Betty espied the bulletin board and running over to it she shouted, "Hurrah! The race is set for the 30th of this month."

"What race?" Carrots inquired.

"Why we have horse racing every year with a rival academy. This coming one will be in about two weeks. Why I guess the boys are practicing now! Let's go over to watch them."

"Don't the girls ever take part?"

"No they're not allowed to."

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"Aw—I'm so sorry because down at the ranch I could beat every one, and I'd love to try out here."

By this time they had reached the tracks, groups of boys and girls already were there. Some girls were about to go over to Betty when upon noticing Carrots, they immediately turned round and walked in the opposite direction. "She thinks because she's in city clothing, we'll notice her," one girl remarked loud enough for Betty and her companion to hear. Carrots bit her lip.

"The selfish things!" Betty exclaimed angrily, then in a soothing tone, "Don't mind them, some day they'll be sorry."

Carrots felt deeply hurt, but the incident was soon forgotten as she became interested in watching one of the boys do stunts.

"Isn't he a beauty!" she exclaimed, with sparkling eyes, as she pointed to a black steed that was passing by.

"Oh, that's Dan's horse," Betty replied with a knowing air. "He's our best rider!"

"Why hello, Betty!" cried Dan, a dark haired lad with grey eyes. "What have you been saying about me just now? I heard you mention my name."

"Oh, I was just telling Carrots about your horse. She's awfully interested in them because she can ride."

"You can!" Dan exclaimed. "Where've you learned?"

"Why, I was brought up on a ranch."

"You don't say! Well I guess you ought to be some rider. Perhaps you'll tell me about——"

Just then the gong sounded and Dan hurried off to return the horse, for the time allowed for practice was over.

Some time elapsed but still the girls would have nothing to do with "that country hick," as they termed her; and Carrots, being denied the companionship of girls, sought elsewhere and soon she and Dan became inseparable friends.

The day set for the race finally dawned. The grandstands were black with people. Banners were flying, horns were blowing, and every noisemaking object procurable was there. Now and then there would arise a deafening cheer from one side, and an answering one from the rival school.

Since most of the riders were already out on the track, "Carrots" was becoming alarmed for Dan could not be seen. At that moment there came puffing and panting up to her, a young lad.

"This is for you," he exclaimed, excitedly, holding out a note. "Carrots" opened it eagerly with trembling fingers, revealing the following:

"Come over at once. Dan."

"Gracious! What can be the matter?" and she

raced down the stairs, across the campus and up Dan's room, breathing quickly.

"Come in," called a voice from within, after "Carrots," had given a resounding knock. Open flew the door, and there on the couch sat Dan, ghastly pale.

"Why what's the matter?" she gasped.

"I broke my arm this morning and now I can't be in the race," was the cool reply.

"Well, ain't that luck!" "Carrots" ejaculated, and there stood looking gloomily at a corner of the room. Suddenly her eyes lit up. "Say, Dan, c-could I take your place?"

"That's just what I called you here for," he replied calmly. For a moment she looked at him radiantly, then suddenly her face fell.

"But what could I wear?"

"Why my suit, of course, and put up your hair in the cap. But don't you dare take it off or you're a goner."

"Oh, of course I won't!" She hastily caught up the suit, ran into an adjoining room and in five minutes she was out.

"You're dandy looking as a boy," Dan said with a complimentary air.

"And as a girl?" "Carrots" questioned roguishly.

"Oh, that's understood," he laughed, and hastily added, "but, here, take this note and give it to Mr. Matts. It merely says that you are to be my substitute. You've only a few minutes. I'll be there to watch you. Now run for it."

And she did.

The people on seeing "Carrots" in Dan's suit thought it was he and a cheer arose.

She came none too soon for already the riders were mounted.

Gong! The bell sounds and they plunge forward. No one is ahead. Now slowly "Carrots" drops behind. Silence reigns. "Carrots" keeps falling behind, several weak cheers arise. She spurs her horse madly ahead. "Hurry, hurry," she urges. They pass the quarter. Now she is slowly gaining slowly but surely she approaches Ralph, the leader of the rival school. The crowd is in an uproar. "Carrots" is gaining, gaining. They are nearing the finish. The people are unable to suppress their excitement; cheers, one after another filling the air. One more turn, and then——

"Why it isn't even Dan!" one youth shouts.

"It isn't?" exclaimed another. "Well, then who is it?"

As if in reply at that moment "Carrots" made a sudden turn and a gust of wind sent her cap flying to the ground, leaving her crimson tresses one mass of fire as the rays of the sun shone upon them.

Another second and "Carrots" came in two lengths ahead. At this there arose a thunderous cheer that fairly shook the grandstand.

Congratulations were showered thick and fast upon her as she sat with flushed cheeks and streaming hair, in her saddle.

A group of girls elbowed their way to her side,

looking up at her sheepishly.

"We're sorry we snubbed you," came from Margie, "and we want to apologize. Will you show that you forgive us by coming to our dance to-morrow night, with Dan? We're giving it to celebrate your victory."

"Carrots," nodded.

BETTY, THE SHY

By DOROTHY GOODMAN

And so they became friends. Dick Harvey, the handsome blond football hero and little demure, dark-eyed Betty Hartman. Yes, they became real friends and this is how it happened.

You see, he was so handsome and strong, and so popular that shy little Betty could only worship him from afar. And if he chanced to even glance her way, she would blush to the very roots of her hair. But it all changed in a day, and this is how it was.

One day, during the fifth period, Betty was sent on an errand. She was walking down the stairs, humming a dreamy little tune, and looking nowhere in particular, when—her foot slipped and down the stairs she tumbled, head over heels. At the bottom, she was so dazed that she just lay there—when, all of a sudden she heard a voice say, "Come, girlie, you're all right, aren't you? Have you hurt yourself badly?" and she looked up into the eyes of—Dick Harvey. Her senses came back with a rush, and she blushed furiously. "I—you—oh—no, I'm all right," she stammered, and tried to stand up. This she found was impossible, as she had twisted her ankle badly and could not stand on it. She tried to take a step, but immediately fell back into Dick's arms.

"May I help you to the nurse's room?" asked the boy, and she said he might.

Then, as gently as he could, and he was very gentle for such a big fellow, he helped her along, until he had gotten her safely into the medical office. There the bruised ankle was bandaged tightly, and the girl was contemplating how she could get home.

"I have my car downstairs, and if I may take you home, I'd be glad to," offered the hero of many a gridiron battle.

Before Betty could refuse, for that is what she intended doing, the nurse had answered for her. "Yes, Harvey, that will be fine; I'll get excuses for both of you," and they were left alone in the office.

Dick tried to start a conversation, but Betty's

ankle hurt her so, and she looked so embarrassed that Dick was content to keep up a cheerful monologue without expecting an answer. It was the same all the way home, and, except for telling Dick her address, she hardly said two words in answer to his chattering.

But Dick didn't feel disturbed. He was feeling very happy. Here he was doing something worth while at last, and enjoying it in the meantime. He wondered how it was that he had never noticed Betty before, but he said nothing on the subject.

When they reached Betty's home, and had quieted her mother's fears, Dick sat down for a few minutes. Betty's mother thanked him warmly for his help, and Betty also thanked him in her shy little way. Dick modestly said it was a mere nothing, and caught himself blushing furiously. What was this? He, Dick Harvey, who knew and went out with the most popular and prettiest girls in the school, blushing because a mere little slip of a girl had thanked him for helping her? He could not understand himself.

He left the house a short time later, with a cordial invitation from Mrs. Hartman, shyly seconded by Betty, to come again; and all the way back to school he was thinking of how pale Betty had looked when he had picked her up on the stairs.

The next day was Friday, and Betty did not come to school. His friends all noticed how impatient Dick was for 3 o'clock to come, but no one knew the reason. As soon as he was dismissed, Dick drove up to Betty's house. He found the girl lying on the sofa with her ankle still bandaged. She was very glad to see him and told him so. She was more talkative today, although, as he soon found, Betty never did much talking. They talked about sports, dancing, and other things for some time, and when Dick said he had to go, Betty thanked him for coming to see how she was.

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The week-end passed very slowly, at least for two young people, and when Monday morning came, both Betty and Dick were in school much earlier than usual. The fellows were shocked. Dick, who usually landed in school about 8:59, was there before 8:50. Nobody could understand it.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday passed, in which they were together all the time. They went to assembly together, were together during the periods, ate lunch together, and every day after school, Dick took the girl home in his car. Everyone noticed this, and the school was buzzing with the latest subject for discussion.

Thursday morning, a dance was announced in assembly. Of course, as everyone expected, Dick asked Betty, and the girl shyly but very enthusiastically accepted. It was the first dance she had attended in all the time she had been going to high school.

At the dance, everyone was talking about them. You see, the boys had never noticed Betty before that week—she had kept herself aloof from them, and the girls had never bothered with her. So they gathered in groups, those who were not dancing, and gossiping away to their heart's content.

"I don't see anything in her," remarked Helen Saunders, "she isn't good-looking, and she doesn't dress so nicely either. I don't see what Dick sees in her."

"K-A-T," replied her brother Jack, and turning on his heel, he walked over to where Dick and Betty were standing and asked Dick to introduce him to Betty. This done, he asked her for a dance and it was granted him. Meanwhile, Dick stood out and watched.

By this time several other boys had gathered around Dick, asking him to introduce them to Betty. So, for the rest of the afternoon, Betty was swamped with partners, and only had time to dance once more with Dick.

After the dance, riding home with Dick, no one could have called Betty Hartman plain. Her dark eyes sparkled and shone like twin diamonds, and her cheeks were as red as roses. Yes, Betty had just had her first taste of popularity and she found it to be very sweet. Indeed, during that ride home, it was Betty who chattered and laughed and Dick who sat back silently and marveled.

The next day, and for many days after that, Dick hardly saw or spoke to Betty. She was always surrounded by a crowd, and he never got a chance to get a word in edgewise. He began to feel sorry that he had introduced Betty to the fellows, because then he would have had her to himself, but he quickly dismissed the thought, because he knew the girl was enjoying her popularity. But he missed her cheerful

talks, and her sweet personality, and wished she had time to ride home with him after school like she had during that first week of their friendship.

Then came the dance given by the ——— Fraternity, to which Dick and most of the older boys belonged. Betty received four invitations from different fellows, but she held back her answers as long as she could until——.

One day, the girl left school very late, after meeting of her club. She was president now, and had to attend to many matters before leaving school. As she was glad to be able to walk home alone; she wanted to think, and she didn't have very much time to herself lately. She walked along, thinking about Dick, and wondering why he avoided her lately. He never took her home after school, like he used to do, and he never took her to dances anymore. Indeed, lately he never went to dances, but rushed out of school to—well, wherever he went, she didn't know. She never knew anything about his affairs anymore.

Just then she heard a horn toot, and turning around, she saw Dick's little red car pull up to the curb, and Dick jumped out.

"Going anywhere special?" he asked.

"Just home," answered Betty.

"How would you like to have me take you home like I used to do?"

"Fine," said the girl, and she jumped into the car and sat down beside him.

Betty chattered away at a lively rate, which Dick answered only in monosyllables, looking at her intently all the way home. All of a sudden, Betty stopped talking and, turning around, she looked squarely at the big sullen fellow sitting beside her.

"Dick Harvey," she said, "why don't you ask me to go to the ——— dance with you?"

"But Betty," cried the delighted boy, "would you really go with me?"

"Well," replied Betty shyly, "it's manners to wait till you're asked."

"I thought you would go with Saunders or one of the other fellows, and I was afraid to ask you. But Betty, better late than never, will you go with me?"

"Yes," said that young lady, "on condition that you will never avoid me again the way you've been doing lately. Why did you do it, Dick?"

"Well, Bet, I thought you didn't care about me any more, having all the other fellows, but I'll promise never to avoid you again. After this you'll have to chase me away."

And so they became friends again, these two, and they remained friends throughout their high school and college careers. After that—well I must not give too much away, but they're very happy together now, too.

THE END.

A Complaint of the Decay of Horses

By JOHN REILLY

That all—changing magic wand of science—almost as effective as Midas's touch—is rapidly driving from our city streets, the horse. With all his carts and trucks, coaches and carriages, stables and blacksmithshops, the horse is fast becoming a thing of the past. Soon he will be a curiosity in town and (I suppose) we shall see him only when the circus comes to town, or among the other strange animals in the zoo.

I do not approve of this wholesale casting aside of a faithful servant of thousands of years. His services were given without complaint—without compensation. In tale or history, the horse is ever an indispensable figure. We read of the great cavalry of Alexander and Caesar. But who can imagine some contrivance (such as the motorcycle) taking the place of the horse in a cavalry charge? How could the knights of the Middle Ages have managed without their horses, or how would Quentin Durward and Isabelle have escaped from France? How would it sound in the poem if Paul Revere had ridden in a Ford?

For many years the horse was the only means of travel—except for those who, being too poor to ride, walked—whether for merchants bringing their goods from town to town, for knights on journeys far from home, or for Louis XVI when he attempted to flee from his angry subjects, and had not the curiosity of that unhappy monarch induced him to stick his fat head out of his coach window, he probably would not have lost it so soon.

But at length came the steam engine and the railroads. The horse tried hard, but could not compete with the puffing monster. After all he was made of flesh and blood, and so his usefulness in long journeys came to an end. Still his place in domestic life was unchallenged. But now we have the automobile, and again the horse feels himself unable to compete. He sees another usurper in possession of the domain of which he was lord for many centuries.

I grieve to think of the time when we shall have no horses—and that time is not far off—for he is not a mere machine like the automobile. He is his master's friend. He knows his master's humors; responds to his every word and touch. He does not break down in the midst of his work, but no matter how

tired and hungry, he strives on to finish his task without complaint.

Have you noticed, reader, how the automobile is replacing the horse in our fire apparatus? Whenever a new engine is added or an old one replaced, the new one is a machine. The horses are not fast enough for us any more. This thought must bring grief to everyone who remembers how—when he was a little boy—he loved to watch the fire horses—for it was the horses and not the engine that attracted him—rushing to the fire. It was a race between horse and fire and the animal knew that much depended on him. His efforts surely must have aroused the spirits of the firemen. But who could be inspired by an automobile? It is but a mass of metal—it has no soul. The only emotion it inspires (as it rushes through the streets like a raging monster) is terror, lest it should leave its true course and run wild, as it seems to threaten to do.

Have you seen recently, any of those sleighs which used to be so numerous about town after every snow-storm? I have not. It seems strange (in the excellent weather for sleighriding which we had last week) that not a sleigh could be seen, nor the jingling of a bell heard. I wonder what has become of them. Recently, I saw one—or rather the remains of one—in a yard on the outskirts of the city. It was sadly crippled and was fit for nothing but the wood pile. I suppose the others have met the same fate. This is a result of the exodus of the horse.

I used to pass daily—on my way from school—a stable, and every day there were about a dozen very large horses tied to posts outside the building. But now the stable is empty—there are no more horses—and next door is a large garage, where are kept the automobiles which now do the horses' work. I wonder what has become of those horses. Have they been sent to the soap factory, or have they been used—as was suggested during the war—for making frankfurters?

When you see a horse and buggy—that is if you ever do see one—going about the city, do not laugh at it because it is out of date, for remember that it is not so long ago that the horse and buggy held the same place in the community as the automobile does today. Rather, stop and reverently salute the fallen monarch.

God's Masterpiece

As elusive as the breezes of Spring
 With their soft showers strewing
 The flowers that bloom in the fields;
 Bringing the moss to the forest's fastness,
 Sprinkling the violets with pure perfume,
 Covering the ground with sweet Nature's treasures,
 Brightening the eye with each beautiful scene—
 Is the beauty of women through all the ages,
 It shines through the lengthy book of life,
 Inspiring Mankind to noble deeds,
 Holding the torch of duty on high
 Flaming up towards the ramparts of Heaven,
 Never yielding or never lessening
 But burning brighter each step of the way.

Noble in mind and heart and actions,
 True to her creed and true to her God,
 Making the world a living Heaven
 Where weary souls may stop to rest,
 Lighting the path to love and duty,
 Worshipped by man and beast and bird,
 Loved by the flowers which her hand fondles—
 Ne'er hurting or breaking a single bud;
 Always helping and always hoping
 That the setting sun may yet bring joy
 To those unhappy unfortunate beings,
 Who under the weight of sorrow are bowed;
 Is the true and beautiful woman
 Created by the hand of God alone.

HELEN PETERSON, 411.

Something About Seniors

ETHEL MAE COE

Freshmen walk the halls with glee
 Play at tag and one, two, three
 Wear hair bows and always grin
 They think cutting is a sin
 Central grads of '22
 Cheer the ranks of the true Blue.

Sophomores look sad and sigh
 For they've been a year at High
 They all know the students' woe
 What they reap they have to sow
 Central grads of '22
 Cheer the ranks of the true Blue.

Juniors know just what to do
 Understand the Parlez vous
 Go to dances after school
 They don't heed the Golden Rule
 Central grads of '22
 Cheer the ranks of the true Blue.

Seniors are the "cream" of High
 They pass all the "freshies" by
 Strut and stare and put on airs
 Spend their time at proms and fairs
 Central grads of '22
 Cheer the ranks of the true Blue.

ROSE SCHAR, 204.

April 14, 1922.

4C English. Per 4.

To ye, mi friends, I will endeav to telle,
 Of a yonge maide, of highe school, the belle.
 This ilke maide leet olde stiles pase,
 For she was ever in Dam Fasion's classe.
 Ful many a deyntee goon did she possesse,
 With outen other fripperyes which maides love, I
 guess.
 All that this maide coude of hir friendes hente,
 On finerye and sweets, would she it spende.
 In felawshipe wel coude she laughe and carpe.
 She loved to dance when err she heard harpe.

Oh, wel coude this yonge damsel singe,
 Bar bettre than smale foules do in springe.
 With goolden cruelle lakkes and yeen green.
 She was as pretty a sight as err was seen.
 Of his stature, she was of evene highte
 Fe' graceful, for as a fairy, was she lighte.
 And sikerly she was of greet disport
 And ful pleasant and amiable of port.
 Hir smiling was ful simple and coy,
 Especially so, when was preasan a boy,

FINIS.

JERRY

By ANNA KITZMAN

Jerry Bronson and Ned Gordon were walking home from school one afternoon. Somehow, the gray skies and somewhat foggy atmosphere seemed to reflect most noticeably upon the two boys. Neither of them spoke a word. Jerry looked straight ahead and his jaw appeared stronger set than ever before, while Ned cast a not-too-little inquisitive glance at his friend every now and then. Ned was anxious to know the cause of Jerry's queer behavior, but, exercising a great deal of tact he refrained from asking.

"Say, Ned," burst from Jerry, "do you think that it is safe for me to ask Violet Drake to go to the Prom with me?" This unexpected question quite took Ned off his guard, but he answered as he thought would best suit the occasion, by saying, "Well, Jerry, I don't know as she would want to go to the Prom with you when she hardly knows you, but why don't you get better acquainted with her by asking her to go ice-skating with you Saturday afternoon?"

By this time the boys reached Jerry's house and, with a "Well, Ned, I'll ask her tomorrow," Jerry ascended his front steps.

While walking home, Ned tried to think of some way to help Jerry. Yes, Jerry certainly needed help when he was so sad and thoughtful instead of optimistic and happy, as was his usual frame of mind.

While Ned tried to straighten things out, I'll try to explain the strange actions of both boys. Jerry was the most popular boy in Clifton High School. It was not thru wonderful feats on the gridiron or on the race track, nor even in the scholastic field that brought him his popularity, but he got it thru his hard luck. Everyone in the school knew Jerry and was always ready with a few words of sympathy for the unfortunate boy; but he had always laughed at their "needless sympathy" as he put it, and refused to listen to the warnings of his friends to keep out of active affairs in order to prevent making a mess of them or himself. He always answered their warnings, however, by saying, "things may go wrong now, but wait until the worm turns." Well, if Jerry insisted upon being optimistic, it was useless to try to change his outlook in the matter. But he was forced, nevertheless, to admit that hard luck followed him around like a shadow.

As soon as Jerry reached home he sat down and planned how to ask Violet to go with him. Yes, he knew his hard luck might want to interfere with his plans again, but he decided that he would go over every minute detail so that nothing could possibly arise which he would not be prepared for, and in that way a good time would be assured.

After an almost sleepless night, Jerry prepared for

school, once more optimistic and feeling secure. It was not until lunch time that he could manage to speak to Violet and then her calm and sweet presence so disarmed him that he almost made a mess of the whole thing before he started it. However, he collected himself, and stammered "er, er"—then all in one breath, willyougoice-skating-withmeSaturday afternoon? Jerry mopped his face after this.

"I'm so sorry, Jerry," Violet sweetly answered, "but I have already promised to go ice-skating with Eugene Reed on Saturday afternoon. There is going to be a real party of it with two other boys and girls. Perhaps we can go some other time."

Jerry barely controlled himself long enough to voice his regrets and to take leave of the girl. To think that after all of his planing he should be disappointed in such a manner.

"Well," Jerry told himself, "I should have known better than to expect Violet, the prettiest and most popular girl in the school, to spend a whole afternoon with me."

Finally Saturday came and, Jerry too restless to stay at home, decided that he would go to the lake and watch Violet have a good time even though she did not go with him. He immediately set out and reached the lake in good time—Violet was not yet there. Finally, he saw the party come, and, with much unnecessary noise customary on such occasions, they frolicked around the lake for about an hour, while Jerry kept constantly in sight of Violet.

"Oh, when will my luck change," though Jerry to himself, now undoubtedly feeling wretched, in spite of his optimistic view in the matter. "At this very moment I might have been skating hand in hand with——" "Oh"—cried Jerry, and with that he fairly flew towards the speeding Violet and, grasping her hands, he pulled her around and started to skate towards the edge of the lake, as if intruding in such a matter were the most every-day happening.

"How do you do, Vi," said Jerry. "I hope you'll excuse my sudden appearance on the scene, but I just couldn't resist going over to you when I saw you leave the crowd."

"You are excused, Jerry," added Violet, "but I think I'll have to leave you now or there will be a search committee sent out for me by the rest of the crowd."

"Oh, no," hastily added Jerry, "I'm not going to let you go away so easily. First we'll have something warm to drink and then we'll decide whether to relieve the search committee or not."

Violet offered no resistance, while Jerry himself was so surprised at the masterful tone he used that his pulse actually beat faster; poor boy, how much he hated to think that his hard luck might interfere with his unexpected pleasure. Well, so far so good.

While sipping their hot chocolate, both Violet and Jerry refrained from talking. Jerry took this time to collect his thoughts. He actually shivered when he pictured in his mind how close Violet was to falling into a hole in the ice that he had seen before the ice-skating party came, and how thankful he felt that he was there in time to save her. But best of all (with an assuring side glance at Violet) she surely knew nothing about the danger she was in and that was a great deal to be thankful for.

"Why, Jerry, what are you dreaming about," asked Violet, interrupting his thoughts.

Jerry almost dropped his cup of steaming chocolate at being thus interrupted. Evidently, his hard luck was taking a more merciful attitude towards him, for wouldn't he surely have dropped the hot drink and burnt Violet at any other time?

"Well, to be perfectly frank," answered Jerry, quickly changing the subject, "I was wondering whether you would consider me too bold if I asked you to honor me by going to the senior Prom as my partner?"

It was all Jerry could think of, and, after fairly blurting it out, he paused and—were his ears deceiving him?

"I'll most certainly accept your kind invitation, Jerry, if you'll tell me more particulars about it."

Poor Jerry was left fairly speechless with surprise. Violet Drake promised to go to the Prom with him! No, he must have heard wrong.

"Surely, Jerry, you don't think that I would refuse to go to a Prom with anyone who was as unselfish, brave and quick-quitted as you were."

"Why, Violet, what do you mean?" asked Jerry.

"I simply mean that I knew all the while that there was a hole in the ice and that I was skating directly towards it."

"Vi, I can't understand. Please explain yourself," added the confused boy.

"Well, to make a clean breast of it, Ned came over to my house after leaving you and told me what you were going to do and he suggested that in all due fairness to you, since I could not go ice-skating with you to become more acquainted with you, we would try the plan he had thought out. The plan was that he should make the hole in the ice and I would skate directly towards it when I was sure you saw me, and then by your actions under the circumstances I might judge whether I thought enough of you to go to the Prom with you.

Poor Jerry! All he could do was to gasp "Please go on."

"Well," continued Violet, "there is nothing more to say except that anyone who could act as you did under the circumstances, so quick, and with so little conceit as to refrain from mentioning what a wonderful thing he did, certainly deserves not only the highest of praise but is entitled to anything he could possibly get in the way of enjoyment—and" with a roguish smile) "I'll certainly try my best to see that as far as you are concerned the Prom will be the greatest success."

Jerry was too dazed to think, but four words stood in front of his eyes, in flaming red colors, and they were, "My worm has turned."

CLASS SONG

By E. M. COE

Alma Mater we are leaving
With our hearts filled to the brim
You have given us rare treasure
Stood by us thru thick and thin.

May your fame spread o'er the nation
Live in glory not in shame
May your banner be the foremost
On the hill or in the plain.

May the Lord of Hosts be with you
May you glorify his name
Striving ever on and upward
Till the laurels you shall gain.

CHORUS

The world beckons and we heed it
We to greater task must bend
But we never shall forget thee
Central, Alma Mater, friend.

HOW THE WARRIORS OF RUTHERFORD
HIGH SCHOOL OVERCAME THE
VALOROUS CENTRALITES ON THE
FOOTBALL FIELD—AN IMITATION
OF BEOWULF

By GERTRUDE D. SCHNARR

Hear ye, all ye lovers of the ancient and time-honored sport of Rugby, of the fierce and bloody battle waged between the bold-hearted heroes of Central High School and the doughty warriors of Rutherford. Never heard tell of an encounter more thrilling or with an ending more tragic.

On the benches surrounding the field of football were seated those who were come to cheer for the teams, brave with pennants and banners. Tense and eager they waited the coming of the brave youths.

Then from under the seated stands came the fighting men of Central striding, fierce of mood. An uproar, strange enough, rose on high. Straightway the armored-ones, decked out in blue, began to practise hurling the shining oval or sending it far into space by giving it a gentle boost with the toes of their well-cleated shoon. Then from an unknown place beneath the stands came the proud warriors of Rutherford, clad in brightest scarlet. An unlovely light, likekest to flame, stood in their eyes. They saw on the field the doughty fighters of Central and their hearts laughed within them. They thought the proud-hearted ones, the undefeated heroes, to gather many credits to themselves and leave their vanquished foes bare of honors. But it was fate's decree that it should not be thus.

The warriors of Central, strong in might, watched how the fell spoilers were minded to set about their sudden onslaughts. The scarlet-clad ones thought not to be long about it but for a first start seized quickly on the mishaps of their opponents. The much-desired ball came into the possession of the Rutherfordians. One of their valorous youths thought to carry it to the goal but a bold Centralite grasped him with set purpose and threw his weight upon him. But ere long a fighter from Rutherford, Webster by name, gained the first honors for his side by kicking the leathern oval straight between the two tall posts that marked the goal of Central. Then was heard the shouting of the favored ones; the uproar of it sounded forth, joyous was their converse. But Wyrd had decreed that even more honors should be heaped upon them for ere long the shining oval bounded over the line that marked the goal and a red-clad warrior fell upon it. Again rose the revel, the clamor along the

benches resounded clear; song and sound of playing were joined together. But no longer was it fate's decree that the proud-hearted ones might, after that, gather more credits to themselves.

Quaking fear lay upon the Central-folk, upon those who heard the outcry of their enemies' cheers. Now and again, striving against one another, the bold-hearted ones advanced to the shadow of Central's goal. Locked in deadly combat were the Centralites and the Rutherfordians; maddened were the raging strugglers. Seeking to gain more honors for his side Dixon, the leader of the favored ones, thought to throw the leathern ball to Wallace. Then from the mass of fighters emerged one destined to be the hero of the blue-clad ones. From mid-air snatched he the ball and tightly held it in his sturdy grasp. His one thought was to get him gone; to flee down the field; to carry his precious burden to the goal line. Swiftly sped he along the muddy ground, skillfully evading his dismayed opponents. Close behind him a warrior of Rutherford strove vainly to clutch him as he went. Hearing the panting of his pursuer, the fleet-footed one hastened on with mighty stride, scarce touching the green turf. The press of spectators all arose, tense were they with excitement. On and on ran he, never stopping until he placed the pigskin safe behind the goal. Then was raised a mighty cheer, the huge stadium was clamorous with the din. Joy was unconfined among the hosts of loyal rooters for Central had scored against the renowned Rutherford.

Furiously then did the battle rage when once again the warfare was resumed. In vain did Central strive to win more credits than those gained by Rutherford. Thus was the afternoon light sped on and hastened by. Finally was heard the signal's last ending the struggle. Fame of the battle was given to Rutherford. The uproar rose of the victor-folk; in gladness were they. Not so the Centralites. Sorrow of soul was theirs and mood of mourning. Their was a great grief that caused them to sit joyless and undergo heaviness of heart.

So ended the mighty conflict when Central's hopes of winning the championship were dashed to the ground. Ah, that was a dreary ending.



Junior Municipality

A meeting recently called to launch the Central District Junior Municipality was attended by delegates from school clubs and industries. About fifty students and two teachers, Mr. Conovitz and Miss Lavers, attended from Central.

The Junior Municipality idea, which was explained at the Montgomery School Meeting by Judge Stickel briefly is as follows:

In each city, Junior officers, corresponding exactly to the Senior government, will be elected, the voters being the residents of the city between the ages of 16 and 20. Junior Municipalities have been formed, and are successfully functioning in numerous small towns and cities throughout the country, including the Oranges, Glen Ridge and Bloomfield. This is the first time it has been tried in a city as large as Newark. The city has been divided into five districts. One, the North End, has already been formed. The one now forming is to be called the Central District

Junior Municipality of Newark, and is for the second, third and fourteenth wards.

In the Central District five commissioners will be elected: a Mayor, Director of Finance, etc., who in turn will select four secretaries, City Clerk, Board of Health and Board of Education.

The idea is to give the voters experience in voting and the commissioner's experience in city government work. It will also be the duty of the Junior Government to do welfare work in their district. At the first meeting Louis Goldman, Central High School student and editor of the PIVOT, was elected temporary chairman and another Centralite, Mildred Jacobson, was appointed secretary.

It is the duty of every loyal Centralite who lives in the Second, Third or Fourteenth Wards to attend the next meeting which will be held on Thursday evening, May 11, at 8 P. M. in the auditorium of the Montgomery School, and to support the candidate from Central who, on that date, will be announced.

Central Hears Mr. McLaughlin

Central students were given a treat on Thursday, April 20, in the auditorium at the school, when James J. McLaughlin impersonated several characters of Shakespeare. Mr. McLaughlin impersonated the characters from the first act, first scene of Julius Caesar and recited the parts. He also portrayed the "Witch Scene" from Macbeth. Another of his characterizations was the scene of the "Grave Diggers," from Hamlet.

Mr. McLaughlin, who was a resident of Newark, was in the cast that supported the famous Shake-

spearean actor, Robert B. Mantel. Mr. McLaughlin's ability to maintain the dignity of Hamlet while dressed in the rude and corpulent garb of the grave digger, was very perceptible.

After Mr. McLaughlin had finished, the students were seen scurrying after their books of Shakespeare in order to become more acquainted with the scenes that they had seen performed. According to the reports coming from the teachers a great interest had been aroused among the students taking the dramatic course in English because of this recital.

Food Collected in Central

Central contributed 1,109 cans of food for the Near East Relief on April 28 and May 1. Mr. Wiener was much pleased with the showing, although he wanted to stack the platform to the very ceiling with cans. Of course we realize that it would take too long to pack such a great amount of cans and therefore even if we only reached halfway we wish to thank the students and their parents for the splendid way in which they heard the call for food.

The following list shows an exact account of what was collected and the numbers of each separate food:

Canned	No. of Cans
Beans and Pork	336
Corn and String Beans.....	61
Tomatoes	30
Evaporated Milk	54
Campbell's Soup	20

Spaghetti	1
Peaches	1
Coffee	1
Salmon	1
Cresco	2
Sweet Syrup	4
Jam	3
Tomato Sauce	1
Corned Beef	21
Condensed milk	374
Sardines	12
Tea	2
Baker's Chocolate	1
Cocoa	176
Carton's Washington Crisps.....	6
Ooatmeal	2
	1,109

The Chess and Checker Club

The Chess and Checker Club wishes to announce that it is open for all who wish to belong. This opportunity should be taken advantage of, for it is the most interesting and progressive club in the school, having more than a hundred members. In order to make the uninformed reader more fully aware of the purpose of the club, we hereby inform the students that this club exists for the purpose of teaching the students of Central, the fascinating and instructive games of chess and checkers, and to select teams to play other schools of the city and state for the championships that are offered.

An interscholastic tournament was recently held, Battin obtaining first place and Central third. The following school teams were played by the Central team with the results of each game:

Central 4, East Side 0; Central 1, South Side 3;

Central 2½, Barringer 1½; Central 3, East Orange 1; Central 1; Battin 3; Central 1, Plainfield 3.

Montclair High did not compete in this tournament but will enter the next one. The members of the team were Captain Jack Cohen, Louis Martin, George Volow, Milton Holden, Sam Cohen and Nathan Silverman.

The members of the checker team are: Captain Ben Braelow, Jack Cohen, Louis Winarsky, Louis Needell and Milton Holden. Central defeated Barringer in a checker match recently, at Central by a score of 4-1.

At the recent elections of this club the following were elected: Nathan Lewis, president; Louis Martin, vice-president; Sam Kahn, secretary; George Gilman, treasurer; manager, Sam Cohen, publicity manager, Ben Braelow. The faculty advisor to whom the club owes its existence and who has created this great interest in the club is Mr. Joseph H. Berk.

Technical Club

The Technical Club, in line with their general plans, paid a very interesting visit to one of the largest industrial plants in the country. The visit was to the plant of the Worthington Pump Corporation in Harrison.

Under the guidance of Mr. Herbert Kuven, instructor in mechanical drawing at Central, and a former employee of the Harrison concern, the boys received a valuable conception of how industry is carried on. Mr. Kuven pointed out and described many

of the delicate operations in the manufacture of the well-known commodity.

Chief Engineer Spellman of the Worthington Plant, assisted in making the visit a success. He aided Mr. Kuven in the description of various processes. The machine shop, pattern shop, foundry and assembling departments were visited. An invitation was extended by the officials of the company for a second visit, and one in the near future is planned.

THE PIVOT

CENTRALITES ASSIST IN NEAR EAST DRIVE

The collection taken in the school for the Near East Relief Drive, on April 28, was a success. Close to 1,200 cans of food were contributed by the students for the worthy cause.

Under the direction of Louis Goldman and Oscar Lasser, assisted ably by Frank Malkin and Michael Fronczak, the contributions were collected and neatly

packed. The bookkeeping end of the drive was taken care of by Gladys Belfatto and Lillian Mitchell, who assisted very ably.

The true Central spirit was shown throughout the drive and it is no doubt that their generosity will be heartily appreciated.

A GENEROUS DECISION

Mr. Coleman's Room, 308 A. M., has given \$4.50 to the Organ Fund. There is a little story behind the gift. This room, like the rest, gave the ANNIVERSARY PIVOT a complimentary ad. Through an unintentional oversight, the ad was left out. The PIVOT then offered to run it double size in the March PIVOT; but as it could not be inserted to suit the room, the money was ordered refunded.

Three Hundred and Eight now had \$4.50, and a big, overgrown grouch. They decided to dispose of both simultaneously. How should they do it? One plan was to treat themselves to forty-five Eskimo pies. Another was to give the money to the Organ Fund. Generosity prevailed over selfishness, and banished grouch. They had a grievance; but they made it an opportunity. School spirit was bigger than spite. Hurrah, for 308 A. M.!

CONVENTION MEMBERS VISIT CENTRAL

Several hundred members of the National Physical Training Association were guests of the school on Thursday, April 20. They visited the various departments of the school and took particular notice of the gymnastic work during the morning.

On Friday, April 21, a mammoth convention was held at the Newark Armory. All the Newark high schools and several grammar schools participated, and

a very pleasing exhibition was given. Central in particular, showed up very well, the boys efforts receiving much applause, and the weaker sex giving a gracefully executed dance.

Mr. Anderson was complimented on his system of teaching by the members who visited the school. We were very glad to have the opportunity of "showing off" our wares, especially as they received favorable comment by professional men.

RADIO CLUB ACTIVITIES

The Radio Club, not to be outdone by the sudden interest in wireless telephony, has branched out for itself. A set, that will probably be as good as any possessed by a school, is being constructed by the members.

The Barringer High School Radio Club has suggested holding debates by means of this wonderful invention. Seeing the novelty and practicability of the idea, the boys have fallen in line with zeal and zest.

So far a vacuum tube detector and a regenerative set are almost finished. An amplifier for the auditorium is to be made that will enable the entire school to "listen in" on the various concerts.

The club, under the guidance of Mr. Voegelin, faculty advisor, visited W. J. Z., which is the name for the Westinghouse plant. They were treated to an instructive and interesting lecture on the operation of the broadcasting station and expect to revisit it in the near future.

GIRL'S SERVICE CLUB

The Girl's Service Club, though already among the most noted of our clubs, is rapidly progressing.

The girls are planning a theatre party for the benefit of members only. But not wishing to restrict enjoyments merely to themselves, they are to hold a IC

social in the near future.

The officers at present are: President, Christine Manderson; Vice-President, Florence Green; Secretary, Dorothy Hilfman; Treasurer, Sophie Gelbohn; G. O. Delegate, Helen Straussberg.

CHEMICAL NOTES

On March 25th the New Jersey Science Teachers' Association held a meeting at which Edwin T. Slosson, Editor of *Creative Chemistry* delivered a talk on "Chemistry in Everyday Life," and showed conclusively the close relation of science to our daily life. He stated that it took the Great War to rouse the people to the power and importance of Chemistry. It was a war of chemists against chemists in the making of nitrate explosives and diabolical poison gases. Now the chemists of all countries turn to the more important task of contributing to the national health and prosperity. Mr. Slosson continued, showing how Nitrogen used for destructive purposes during the war was made for creative purposes. For example: a ton of wheat takes away from the soil 20 pounds of Nitrogen, 18 pounds of phosphoric acid and 12 pounds of potassium, therefore if the farmer does not restore to the soil these substances every year he is drawing upon his capital. The farmers of the United States now begin to realize the value of fertilizers,

but even now use 28 pounds of fertilizer per acre while European farmers use 200 pounds per acre. Chemists of the United States carrying on their research are making from corn hundreds of useful products, from salad oil on our tables to the "Rubber Tips" on our pencils. The chemists have added ten dollars to the value of every bale of cotton by extracting oil from the seed which used to be thrown away. The smoke from coke ovens is now being saved, and out of this smoke is obtained Ammonia and coal tar, from which dyes are obtained.

Dr. Slosson continued his address along these same lines showing the importance of chemistry in the manufacture of Calcium Carbide from which acetylene gas is made. Also the relation of chemistry to the Celluloid, Rubber, Baking, Dyeing Industries and the manufacture of iron and steel, preparation of medicines, foods, and the manufacture of matches.

BERNARD KNIBERY.

CENTRAL AN AID TO CHARITY

Students of Central are continually branching out into new fields. In line with the Bureau of Charities' appeal for funds to help the destitute of our city, fifty energetic pupils assisted the Bureau in their worth-while campaign.

Circulars, describing the conditions existing in the

city, and asking the parents for financial aid, were folded and inserted in envelopes by the students. As a result, more families were reached, and a much larger sum for the humane campaign was realized. The students are to be congratulated for their timely assistance.

MISS JULIA TIMER

Another Centralite has scored a victory! Miss Timer, a Central graduate, has won fame through her charming voice. It seems that if prominence is to be acquired at all, it is surely done so by a Centralite. Miss Julia Timer has been coached by a noted instructor, and made her first musical debut, Thursday eve-

ning, April 27th, at the Wallace Hall.

Because of her exquisite voice, and popularity thru her connections with the Newark schools, a large audience greeted her first public appearance.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to Miss Timer, wishing her a prosperous future.

THINK, THINK, THINK

By RAE GRACE STEINLAUF

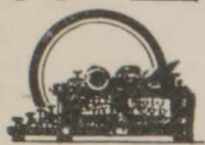
Think, think, think,
What a great school Central is!
And I would that you all might realize
The joy one may find in it.

Hurrah for the Centralite,
Who dances with the opposite sex,
Hurrah for the blushing boy
Who cares not for fifteen cents.

And the Organ Fund will swell,
And reach its goal some day,
And well requited you will be
For helping the fund on its way.

Think, think, think,
At the depths of thy heart, O friend,
For the grand good times in Central missed
Will never be yours to the end.

STENOGRAPHIC NOTES



PROSPECTIVE STENOGRAPHERS AND TYPISTS!

Do you realize how much depends upon the position you assume while taking shorthand notes or while sitting at the typewriter? A stenographer who slouches in either case not only does not do his work right, but ruins his health at the same time. Perhaps you have never realized how a slouchy position affects the health. Primarily, the spine is affected because the body is not upright and is thrown forward in an unnatural position. Because of this position, the organs are not allowed to function properly, and the general health is affected.

But other aspects must be noted in regard to the position of the stenographer. First of all, no employer will tolerate staying in an office for eight hours a day with a person who sits and walks unbecomingly. He has a right to demand that his employees not

only do their work as it should be done, but that they should look well also. An incorrect position in both standing and sitting detracts greatly from the personal appearance of the stenographer. No matter how well-made or good-looking his clothes are, the man with stooped shoulders and slouchy walk never looks well. How different is the man with erect shoulders, good health and good appearance! He gives a good impression at first sight—shows signs of intelligence and self-confidence. He is the one who succeeds in life.

In conclusion, it must be remembered that in order to succeed in the business world, the stenographer or typist should take good care of his health, keep good hours, and eat nourishing food.

SARAH MICHAELS

MRS. POLAND VISITS STENOGRAPHY GIRLS

On the afternoon of March 15 the 4A Stenography girls assembled in Room 109 to listen to a talk by the Dean of High School girls.

Mrs. Poland touched upon many things and her remarks were both interesting and instructive.

She began her talk by quoting the following paragraph which occurred in an advertisement in the *New York Times*:

"We have commissions from dozens of well known firms—to bring to their attention young

women whose personality, education and general business attitude are distinctly above the grade of the all too numerous dolled-up, scatter-brained, gum-chewing variety."

She then proceeded to comment upon the last three points, drawing therefrom many lessons of value to the prospective stenographer.

We are glad to note that there are few of this type of girl in Central.

CENTRALITES AT NORMAL SCHOOL

Emily Prach of Room 411, a 4A Stenography pupil, submitted the following report of Mr. Wiener's remarks in Assembly April 17.

"In the September class of the Newark Normal School there were forty-six pupils from Central High School; forty-five from the commercial course and one from the general course. Forty passed every subject successfully. Three of the six who did not pass failed in penmanship, which means that they must

either do extra work or take the subject over. Two others failed in art, and they did not take art at Central High School. One other also failed in penmanship; this one, a girl, was from the general course. It is interesting to note that of the forty-six, forty Central High School pupils actually passed the term's work successfully. It should have been forty-six out of forty-six. Strangely enough, the pupils who did not pass were the pupils that were partially carried on by request."

Prize Essay

"Why I Like Stenography"

The Shorthand prize offered to 4B and 4A Stenography pupils for the best essay on "Why I Like Stenography," has been awarded to Ruth Greenfield.

Honorable mention was given to Lenore Mendel, Emily Prach, Mildred Taylor, Pauline Rakofsky and Rae Steinlauf who turned in excellent essays.

The winning essay follows:

As far back as a hundred years ago it is found that business correspondence formed a very important part of the daily work of a commercial firm. The work was usually executed by the head of the concern, and then copied by a clerk whose handwriting was far superior to that of the other workers in the office. A few firms had what was termed a correspondence clerk, whose duty it was to answer all letters for the concern.

In this, the present era, we have the stenographer, who attends to all the work formerly done by the correspondence clerk, but where the clerk performed his task like a parrot repeats what is said, the stenographer of today has a chance to display initiative and originality, her value being measured by the ability to think when thought and initiative are necessary. Her position demands that knowledge and ability be present together with certain moral, mental, personal and physical qualities. This is one of the many reasons why I like stenography, or shorthand, as some people choose to call it.

The business world offers limitless opportunities to

the stenographer whose work merits advancement. Everywhere the business man is seeking efficient and reliable workmen, and they are the ones who are quickly advanced in place and salary. The stenographer is entrusted with the task of relieving her employer of all possible detail work and of such minor executive matters as she can, so that the employer may be able to devote all his time to the really big things of business. The stenographer who is able to do this work quickly and at the same time efficiently will rise from the ranks, as we would say. The stenographic profession offers great opportunities for bigger positions. It puts the stenographer on the road to success. A good shorthand writer is rewarded munificently for her work. Of course, the remuneration alone is a good reason for liking stenography.

Besides all these things, stenography sharpens the memory, and makes one more concise. It is a means to an end. It makes one concentrate, think very quickly, teaches how to conserve mental energy, and how to put the mind away up into the forceful, highly creative plane. It is really wonderful, because it gives one access to all kinds of knowledge.

Without stenographers, the business world could not get along very well; without them it could not turn out as much work, and so the stenographer is the most essential and most efficient part of the wheel. Are not all the aforementioned reasons enough cause to make one like stenography?

BRONZE MEDALS

Since last report the following pupils have been awarded bronze medals for speed and accuracy in typewriting:

Byrdine Block.
Rose Headley.
Sophie Oppenheim.
Mildred Redman.
Rose Siegel.
Henrieta Sommers.
Ruth Wenberg.

Sarah Michaels and Frank Young were awarded the fifty-word bar.

Before distributing the medals Mr. Wiener gave a brief talk in which he emphasized the fact that many business men in this city prefer our graduates because of the superior training they receive, and urged pupils of stenography and typewriting to continue these subjects even if it means very hard work.

NOTES

WANTED: By this department specimens of printed or engraved letterheads to be used in a comparative study of artistic arrangement in letter display.

Over sixty pupils showed keen interest in their work by subscribing to *Pitman's Journal*, the official magazine of the system of shorthand taught in this school.

According to one very bright pupil the text used in

the evening school is "Izack Pippin Shorthand" Centenary addition.

Among those who were present at the Convention of the Eastern Commercial Teachers' Association in Trenton during the Spring vacation were Mr. Telfer and Miss Allen of this department and Messrs. McMillan, Heiges and Weeks.

FROM PRINCIPAL



TO PARENT

April 26, 1922.

DEAR PARENTS:

School days have an important bearing on character building, not always realized by the student. The plans for a life time are sometimes formulated during this period. We hear people talk, often slightly, of building castles in the air; but castle building of this kind is simply imaginative planning for the future. No great work can be carried to completion without a plan; but if a great building requires a plan, how much more does a successful life. The most complex feat of engineering is simple compared with the molding of the human character and the making of human destiny. Pupils cannot all decide at the same time what their future work will be; but they can all be looking ahead. If they cannot decide they can be approaching a decision. There is too much of listlessness among us, too much drifting with the tide, too much of a disposition to enjoy the present at the expense of the future. The successful men of today are, generally speaking, those who a generation ago were boys with dreams, ideals and plans. Parents, encourage your boys and girls to look ahead, to think of success and achievement that is to come. Urge them to expect great things, and to exact great work from themselves; not to expect to do it all at once, but to work at whatever comes next with all their might, knowing that beyond the simple tasks of today there are the glorious achievements of tomorrow. Americans should now, as they have always been, be great dreamers and great doers.

Principal.

Class Prophecy

By SOPHIE J. OPPENHEIM AND MORRIS SCHLAIN

There was a decisive ring at the door. As I was standing near, I opened it, and to my amazement who should I perceive but President Kessel and the First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Kessel, nee Ruth Greenfield. I concealed my surprise. This was the first time I had seen Mr. Kessel since the elections when he had become the executive of the land, and my husband, the Secretary of State. Therefore, I formally bade them enter. I told myself I would not presume upon my friendship with them at dear old Central. But the President must have noticed my attitude. Grasping my hand he said jokingly:

"Sophie, don't act like an iceberg. I haven't changed any from the cute little boy who used to pull Ruthie's curls, and who helped raise Cain in 219."

That broke the ice, so to speak. I embraced Ruthie and then we all entered the sitting room. Over the teacups, conversation flowed steadily. Kessel asked if I knew what had become of the students that had graduated with us. I told him I had kept an eye on the doings of all our fellow-graduates, and began relating them to my guests.

"Did you notice that portly and impressive leader at the Metropolitan Opera House? Well, that's no other than Jooky Adoff. As a side line he speaks on the best way of swallowing pills. Lottie Berger keeps a "Clean Wash Laundry" and has as her assistants Irma Falk and Genevieve Garrigan. Mildred Taylor is the proprietor of a terpsichore establishment, and Agnes Keogh and Emily Prach help her. Sophie Eisner has selected Harold Berla as her spouse, and she sends her brood to the "Select Seminary" of which Rae Steinlauf is the head. Sophie Gelbond has turned out to be a famous interior decorator, and it is whispered she is making plans for the decoration of the house in which Helen Straussberg and Jerry Kridel are to live. Ethel Coe is in charge of a matrimonial agency, and she told me some of the recent applicants were Rose Greenstein and Sam Pedlosky, Celia Schwartz and Joseph Rothenberg, Rhoda Eder and Donald Fox. Meltzer is competing with Charlie Chaplin in slap-stick comedies, while Esther Goldfarb is said to be a worthy component of Mary Pickford's steel. Gussie Ostrowsky, as you know, designed Ruth's trousseau, while Frieda Nasanowsky is Mr. Wiener's secretary. Rosenberg is now a twenty-five thousand dollar a week basketball star of the first magnitude, and Les Cassidy is solemnly preaching behind the pulpit. It's really quite amusing, but many of our graduates have returned to the scenes of their childhood torture. Hannah Stein is teaching cutology, Ida Franceschini and Virgie Shipman are gymnastic instructors, Samuel Levin is coach of the football team, Mary Martinka teaches the pupils that

one and one make two. Les Picot teaches loveology while Harry Meyer instructs the pupils how to parlez Francaise. Sayde Marotta is a missionary in the Cannibal Isles instructing the natives not to eat with their fingers. Her mate is Frank Young. Morris Schlain, as you know, is treasurer of the United States, and Mildred Jacobson occupies the position of treasures, while Cooper is vice-president. It does seem funny that for four years this country is to be ruled by Centralites. Truly, we were an unusual class. Arace earns his living by grinding the organ, and has for his dancer, Helen Stark. Philip Brief is in the circus as the tallest man in the world, Spector as the funniest, Goodman the thinnest, and Palagonia as snake charmer. Fishgrund is the chief advertisement for Pomade Hair Perfume. Ruderman has taken over Joe's hot dog store, and has for his waiters Mittl, Dippel and Sippel. Javalas is in charge of an insane asylum, the chief wardens being Hyman Brief and Anderson, and the matron is Agnes Sweeney. Kruger demonstrates his physical ability in a Hoboken Theatre. The central figure in the sensational divorce suit which is sweeping the country is Celia Levin, the great grand opera singer, known as Madame Kraze Curzi. Her attorney is no other than that famous lawyer, Sadie Goldstein. Rebecca Sternberg is the chief speaker for Woman Suffrage. Morris Halperin conducts a ten cent novel store, while Wortsel is an all round handy man. Lockwood has organized a chain cigar store, while Julian is manager of the five and ten, Adelaide Mann being manageress. William Dector is the world's billiard champ, while Katzin is a model in a haberdashery. Biebelberg is a waiter in a beanery, and Mildred Redman keeps a hairdressing parlor. Whethem is in charge of the street cleaners, and Wanerman is life guard in the Morris Canal. By the way, La Bar has had again a free ride in a police patrol, for being too much of a lady killer. Usually he employs Farr as his attorney, but now, for reasons unknown, he is employing Friedman the great jurist. Fannie Poll is a bookkeeper in a Shorthand Business College. Rothenberg has purchased Bill Ritters Candy Emporium, and is distributing samples free. Laura Smith is a jazz instructor, while Fannie Rosinsky is employed in a Beauty Parlor, giving advice for the obtainment of dimples. Pauline Rakofsky has married Mr. Lissner and Pauline, Jr., is being taught to use her vocal chords by Flora Goldstein. Marie Statella is chief taster of the Eskimo Pie Firm in order to ascertain the purity of it. Needless to relate Marie dotes on her job and waxeth fat. Rose Siegal has married a Cincinnati financier by the name of Goldmine. And last of all, our own Billie Helbig has just returned from the last

Continued on Page 47

IN LOCO PARENTIS



To Mr. V. H. Scheicher

who has, during our Senior year been
our guide and friend, we dedicate this
issue of our Senior Pivot.



Meyer Kessel

PRESIDENT OF THE CLASS

KESSEL, MEYER. 337 Peshine Avenue.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"Hail to the chief, who in triumph advances."

President of the 4A Class; Vice-President of 4C Class; President of Central Service Club; Vice-President of Central Service Club; Assistant Manager of the Basketball Team; Manager of the Basketball Team; Winner of Old English "C". Senior Follies.

Meyer had better be careful, for a lion among the ladies is a dreadful thing. But he can take care of himself. His list of activities is one to be proud of.



VICE PRESIDENT OF CLASS

DIPPEL, HORACE E. 463 Clinton Avenue.

Technical. Vice-President. Prospects: Business.

"The right man in the right place."

Vice-President of 4A Class; Pres. Technical Club; Vice-Pres. Radio Club; Central Service Club; Track Team; Gym Exhibition.

For an obliging person, Horace wins the cut glass necktie.



Sophie Gelbond

SECRETARY OF CLASS

GELBOND, SOPHIE R. 88 Stratford Place.

Commercial Art. Secretary. Prospects: Art School.

"Her popularity is exceeded only by her good looks."

Secretary of 4A Class; Girls' Service Club; Treasurer of Girls' Service Club; Senior PIVOT Board; Staff Typist; PIVOT Reporter; Senior Follies; 4B Valentine Dance Committee; 4C Harvest Dance Committee; G. S. C. Musical Committee; Glee Club; Girls' Swimming Club; Journalist Club; Chess and checkers Club; Girls' Dramatic Club; Girls' Athletic Association.

Sophie's popularity among her classmates is the result of her hard labor, especially this term. She is a good, all-around girl with rare qualities.



M. Schlain

TREASURER OF CLASS

SCHLAIN, MORRIS. 34 Boyd Street.

Commercial Treasurer Prospects: U. of Iowa.

"A lion among the ladies is a dreadful thing."

Treasurer of 4C, 4B, and 4A Class; Senior PIVOT Board; Spanish Club; Alpha and Omega Club; W. W. Debating Society; Journalist Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Business Manager of Senior Follies; President of Mystical 13; Central Service Club.

Schlain could be content on a lonely island if he had his ladies with him. He sure does love the women.

THE PIVOT



Joseph Adoff

ADOFF, JOSEPH

66 Mercer St

College Prep. Prospects: Pratts Institute.

*"In notes with many a winding bout,
Of linked sweetness long drawn out."*

Cheer Leader; President of 4B Class; Central Service Club; Treasurer; G. O. Executive Board; PIVOT Board; Literary Department PIVOT; Morning Forum Critic; Senior PIVOT Board; Orchestra; Central Dance Orchestra; Glee Club; Central String Quartet; Journal Club.

"Jookey" certainly knows how to make his violin talk. His hard work as our cheer leader has brought him much fame.



ANDERSON, BURL L.

752 So. 15th St

General. Prospects: Undecided.

"A friend to every man."

Orchestra; Glee Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Central Service Club; Gymn Exhibition Class; Assistant Advertising Manager of Barnstormers Play.

Burl is regarded as a true friend by all his classmates.



Dante Arace

ARACE, DANTE.

275 Hunterdon St

Commercial French. Prospects: Undecided.

"It becomes a young man to be modest."

Dante Literary Society.

One who is thought well of by all his comrades.



BERGER, LOTTIE.

239 Bruce St

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

"Modesty is the grace of the soul."

Lottie's sweet temper has made her well liked by all.

THE PIVOT



CASSIDY, LESLIE.

37 Isabella Avenue.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: U. of Penn.

"Behold the man, a wonderful creation."

Assistant Manager of Baseball; Central Service Club; Manager of Baseball; Class Relay; Tennis Club; Secretary of 4B Class; Barnstormers; PIVOT Reporter; Old English "C"; G. O. Executive; Cen-Service Club Anniversary Dance Committee; Senior PIVOT Board.

The idol of his fellow friends. His character is revealed in his ever smiling face.



COOPER, GEORGE.

32 Wallace Place.

General. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"Ability wins the respect of true men."

Vice-President of the G. O.; Central Service Club; President of Central Service Club; Chess and Checkers Club; President of Chess and Checkers Club; PIVOT Staff; Business Board; Sport Dept.; Junior Four-Minute Speakers; Varsity Football Team; Manager of Organ Fund Movie Show; Manager of 4C Class Movie Show; Senior Follies; Senior PIVOT Board; Rifle and Gun Club; Swimming Club; Glee Club; Webster Hayne Debating Society; Armory Exhibition; Old English "C".

As an orator, George makes a second Daniel Webster. His earnest work for the class is commendable.



EDER, RHODA MARIE.

168 Clinton Avenue.

Arts Course. Prospects: Sargents School.

"She was a lover of the dance."

Girls Service Club; Dramatic Club; Journalist Club; PIVOT Board; Chairman of 4C Carnival and 4C Prom.; Chairman of 4C Harvest Dance; President of Girls Swimming Club; Dancing Class; Armory Gym Exhibition; Girls A. A.; Vice-President of G. O.; 4B. Valentine Dance Committee.

Rhoda's untiring efforts have won the respect of her fellow students. Give Rhoda a menu consisting of dance, dance, and dance, and she will never be hungry.



EISNER, SOPHIE.

786 Ridge Street.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Undecided.

"When not studying, she talks."

Girls' Service Club; Dancing Class; 4C Prom Committee; 4B Valentine Dance Committee; Chess and Checkers Club; Girls' A. A.; Armory Gym Exhibition.

When it comes to laughing, Sophie takes the cake. Nevertheless, her pleasing personality is her chief asset.



FALK, IRMA.

58 Voorhees Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"Sweetness and goodness in her person shine."

Journalist Club; Girls' A. A.; Central Girls' Reserve.

Irma is very demure and her good nature carries her a long way



FOX, DONAL.

Don Fox

26 Columbia Avenue

General. Prospects: U. of Penn.

"Lo, the conquering hero comes!"

Chairman of the G. O. Executive Board; Central Service Club; Track Team; Journalist Club; City Championship Football Team.

Popularity is Don's reward, and it has not been attained without toil. He is sure to be a success. The ladies think him cute and sweet. Do you blame them?



FRANCESCHINI, IDA.

172 Verona Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Undecided.

*"Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."*

Chess and Checkers; Dante Literary Society; Journalist Club; Girls' June Meet; Senior Follies.

Although Ida is small, her pleasing nature makes up for the deficiency in full measure. It is true that good things come in small packages.



GARRIGAN, GENEVIEVE.

108 Bleecker Street

General Spanish. Prospects: Normal.

"Work, work, work. I love thee—not."

Her career at high school has been a jolly one.



JAVALAS, THOMAS.

51 Baldwin Street.

General. Prospects: U. of Michigan.

"Half my kingdom for thy brains."

Central Service Club; Mathematics Club; President of Mathematics Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Latin Club; Secretary of Latin Club; Captain of Fourth Year Class Relay; Technical Club; Central Radio Club; G. O. Delegate of the Radio Club; Varsity Track Team; Old English "C".

A fellow with his capabilities and gifts will never be a failure in life. May his after life be as successful as his high school career.



GOLDFARB, ESTHER.

403 Fairmount Avenue.

College Prep. Prospects: Undecided.

"A pleasing countenance is a silent recommendation."

Girls' Service Club; Girls' Dramatic Club; Journalist Club; Chess and Checkers Club.

Esther is quiet, but very popular among her friends.



GOLDSTEIN, SADIE.

84 Springfield Avenue.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Law.

"'Tis good nature only wins the heart."

Orchestra; Girls' Swimming Club; Journalist Club; Girls' Dramatic Club; Ways and Means Committee of Senior Class; 4C Harvest Dance Committee.

Sadie's good nature will bring her reward. She is a quiet person, but is good company.



GOLDSTEIN, FLORA.

452 So. 12th Street.

Commercial. Prospects: Undecided.

*"Nature was here so lavish of her store
That she bestowed all until she had no more."*

Glee Club; PIVOT Board; Operetta; Girls' A. A.; Girls' Dancing Club.

Flora brings smiles with her wherever she goes. That's why everyone likes her.



GOODMAN, MAX.

136 Court Street.

College Prep. Prospects: N. J. Law School.

"Large was he in form and large also in heart."

A true friend, and a worth while comrade.



GREENFIELD, RUTH B.

78 Stratford Place.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Normal School.

"Does well, acts nobly; angels could do no more."

Scholarship Prize; Chess and Checkers Club; Secretary of 4C Class; Senior PIVOT Board; 4C Prom Committee; Girls' Athletic Association; Ways and Means Committee of Senior Class; General Manager of Francis Fox Institute; 4C Harvest Dance Committee; Short-hand Speed Attainment Club; 4B Valentine Dance Committee; Girls' Dramatic Club.

A girl who is sure to "get there." Ruth's sweet nature and ability as a student and otherwise have won the love of her fellow-students. We wonder how she gets those 10's.



GREENSTEIN, ROSE.

142 Livingston Street.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"She was as merry as the month of May."

Journalist Club; 4C Harvest Dance Committee; Girls' A. A.; Spanish Castellano; Senior Follies; 4B Valentine Dance Committee.

Rose is merry as the day is long. Her never-ending supply of jokes keeps us in good spirits all the time.



JULIAN, WALTER.

334 So. 20th Street.

General Spanish. Prospects: U. of Penn.

"He had much wit tho' shy of using it."

G. O. Executive; Central Service Club; Thursday Afternoon Dance Committee; Chess and Checkers Club; Mystical Club; Assistant Manager of State Championship Track Team; Manager of the City Championship Football Team.

Walter's presence is always enjoyable. A real optimist; he looks on the bright and sunny side of life.

THE PIVOT

JACOBSON, MILDRED.

58 Jacob Street.

Commercial. Prospects: Normal School.

"Her dimpled face with smiles bespread."

Swimming Club.

In each cheek appears a pretty dimple.

KATZIN, EUGENE.

43 Center Street.

Course: General. Prospects: Cornell

"Work will always conquer."

Assistant Business Manager PIVOT; Business Manager PIVOT; Journalist Club; Central Service Club; Treasurer 4B Class; Mathematics Club; Radio Club; Technical Club; Rifle and Pistol Club; Property Man Doll's House; Senior Follies Cast; Tennis Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Centro Castellano; Advertising Club.

Genie is a hard worker and a comedian.

KEOGH, AGNES.

129 Fourth Street.

General. Prospects: Normal.

*"This Nymph to the destruction of mankind
Nourished two locks which graceful hung behind."*

Dancing Club; Girls' A. A.; Dante Literary Society; Girls' Athletic Meet; 4C Prom Committee; Gym Pageant; Senior Follies; Journalist Club.

Agnes is some little dancer. She has been very quiet during her high school career, but we are glad she is with us.

KRIDEL, JEROME L.

869 So. 15th Street.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: U. of Penn.

"The man who does a little and does it well, does a great deal."

Assistant Manager of Indoor Track Team; Assistant Manager of Outdoor Track Team; Central Castellano; Chairman of 4C Dance Committee; Chess and Checkers Club.

The world is in need of just such men as Jerry.

THE PIVOT



KRUGER, JOSEPH.

335 Camden Street

College Prep. Prospects: U. of Michigan.

"No really great man ever thought himself so."

Junior Track Team-Captain-Varsity Track Team; Class Basketball Team; Second Team Basketball Team; Captain of Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Football Team; Varsity Baseball Team; Central Service Club; Treasurer of Central Service Club—President; Winner of Old English "C"; President of G. O.; Assistant Sport Editor of PIVOT; Sport Editor of PIVOT; Journalist Club.

Joe's athletic ability is the outstanding feature of his high school career. His activities are numerous.



LA BAR, RAYMOND.

76 Montclair Avenue.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Accountancy.

"So young to leave his mother."

Did you ever see a lad so sweet and comely? Those who know Raymond appreciate his friendship.



LEVIN, SAMUEL.

353 Morris Avenue.

College Prep. Prospects: Cornell.

"Nothing is impossible to me."

Sam is bound to accomplish anything he undertakes.



LEVIN, CELIA S.

229 Waverly Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"With her quiet, modest, sunny disposition."

G. O. Bookkeeper; Chess and Checkers Club; Shorthand Speed Attainment Club; 4C Harvest Dance Committee; Senior Follies; Journalist Club; 4B Valentine Dance Committee.

Celia is so studious that frequently she burns midnight oil. She'll get there in the end, though.



MAROTTA, SADIE.

63 Colden Street.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"Amiability shines by its own light."

Girls' Dramatic Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Dante Literary Society; Girls' Swimming Club; Shorthand Speed Attainment Club; Journalist Club; PIVOT Agent; 4C Harvest Dance Committee; Ways and Means Committee of Senior Class; Centro Castellano.

The most obliging person that can be found. Always willing to help anyone in distress.



MELTZER, HARRY.

345 S. 11th Street.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Columbia.

"A sprightly step marks the athlete."

G. O. Executive; Varsity Cheer Leader; Varsity Basketball Team; Second Team Football; Central Service Club; Sport Department of PIVOT; Captain Basketball Team.

His ardent participation in school affairs, especially those of an athletic nature, mean success for him.



MEYER, HARRY.

259½ High Street.

General. Prospects: Business.

"No legacy is so rich as honesty."

Gym Exhibit; Radio Club; Chemistry Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Dante Literary Society; Hiking Committee.

Harry always extends a willing hand to a fellow. This speaks well for him.



MANN, ADELAIDE.

181 Hunterdon Street.

Commercial. Prospects: Undecided.

"A sunny temper gilds the edges of life's blackest cloud."

Barnstormers; Girls' Swimming Club; 4C Harvest Dance Committee.

A true friendly spirit and a pleasant disposition are Adelaide's outstanding features.

THE PIVOT



OPPENHEIM, SOPHIE.

800 So. 14th Street.

Commercial French. Prospects: Normal School.

"With merry heart and winsome face."

Chess and Checkers Club; Journalist Club; 4C Harvest Dance Committee; Shorthand Speed Attainment Club; PIVOT Board; Chairman of 4B Valentine Dance; Senior PIVOT Board; Swimming Club; Girls' Dramatic Club; Girls' A. A.; Glee Club; Senior Follies.

Here's a hard worker who deserves applause. Her earnest efforts will be recorded in history. Sophie brings sunshine wherever she goes.



OSTROWSKY, GUSSIE.

186 Spruce Street.

Arts Course. Prospects: Art School.

"Her talents are of the more silent class."

Senior Follies; Girls' Service Club.

A demure little maid, but one of rare talents. We are led to believe that Gussie drew her way through.



PALAGONIA, JASPER.

12 Garside Street.

College Prep. Prospects: Undecided.

"Steadfastness is a noble quality."

Dante Literary Society; Vice-President; President, Vice-President of Mathematics Club; Chess and Checkers Club.

He is very quiet, but is a true example of one who attends to his own affairs.



PEDLOSKY, DAVID.

540 So. 19th Street.

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

"He is a very unassuming man."

Although David has not shown much school spirit, he is a good fellow when it comes down to brass tacks.



POLL, FANNIE.

454 Clinton Avenue.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Undecided.

"Goodness is the only investment that never fails."

Glee Club; Swimming Club; Chess and Checkers Club ;Journalist Club; Senior Follies.

Fannie is quiet and if she has any troubles, keeps them to herself. That's the type of girl whom all like.



PRACH, EMILY H.

759 So. 15th Street.

Commercial. Prospects: Undecided.

"Of manner gentle and afffections mild."

Girls' Service Club; Girl Reserves; Gym Exhibition; Senior Follies.

Emily's activities show her to be athletically inclined. She certainly can dance.



RAKOFSKY, PAULINE.

314 Bergen Street.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Normal School.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merits."

Journalist Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Spanish Castellano; 4C Harvest Dance Committee; 4B Valentine Dance Committee, Dante Literary Society; Senior Follies.

A girl who thinks twice before she speaks, and what she says is worth listening to.



ROTHENBERG, JOSEPH.

493 So. 15th Street.

College Prep. Prospects: N. J. Law School.

"There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends."

Orchestra; Glee Club; PIVOT Agent.

Let's hope Joseph makes a success as a lawyer. His ability in that line is apparent.

Joseph Rothenberg

THE PIVOT



ROSINSKY, FANNIE.

280 18th Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Normal School.

"With bashfulness flushing her cheek."

Glee Club; Swimming Club; Harvest Dance Committee.

She has not made herself known very much, but is nevertheless good, all-around girl, whom all admire.



REDMAN, MILDRED

481 Hunterdon Street

Course: Commercial. Prospects: Business

"Give me the World and its Joy"

Glee Club; Swimming Club; Harvest Dance Committee.

Milly loves to spread joy among her fellow class mates and thus spread a spirit of good will where ever she goes.



ROSENBERG, MEYER.

63 Prince Street

College Prep. Prospects: U. of Penn.

"There are greater men than I, but I don't believe it."

Chess and Checkers Club; Basketball Team; Captain of Basketball Team; Baseball Team; Soccer; Barnstormers; Tennis Club.

In athletics Meyer shows his fighting spirit and determination to win. His fine qualities have gained great popularity for him.



ROTHMAN, EMANUEL.

57 Peshine Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"Great hopes make great men."

Class Relay Team; Chess and Checkers Club; Gym Exhibition Radio Club.

Those who are acquainted with Emanuel know him to be a true friend.

THE PIVOT



RUDERMAN, CHARLES.

86 Hedden Terrace.

Technical. Prospects: Undecided.

"Always striving for other's good."

Central Service Club; Technical Club; Mathematics Club; Class Track Team; Chemistry Club.

His "happy-go-lucky" nature is his outstanding feature.



SCHWARTZ, CELIA.

675 High Street.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Normal.

*"A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!"*

Centro Castellano; Chess and Checkers Club; Glee Club; Swimming Club; Journalist Club.

Celia doesn't believe in burning midnight oil, but she get through anyhow. We would like to know whether she walks her way through or not.



SIEGEL, ROSE.

723 So. 14th Street.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage."

Girls' A. A.; Glee Club, Operetta.

If Rose were not in our class what a loss it would be! We would miss her good nature and willing hand.



SHIPMAN, VIRGINIA C.

335 So. 12th Street.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Art School.

"A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

4C Harvest Dance Committee; Armory Gym Exhibition; Girls' Gym Exhibition; Senior Girls' Basketball Team.

Virginia is quiet most of the time, but when it comes to basketball, she's all there. Her talents seem to turn to art also.

THE PIVOT



Paul A. Sippe

SIPPEL, PAUL.

32 Cottage St

College Prep. Prospects: Undecided.

"As narrow as he is long."

Glee Club; PIVOT Agent; Dante Literary Society.

A fellow who always has a smile for everyone. His character revealed in his frank, smiling face.



SMITH, LAURA.

19 Marshall St

General. Prospects: Normal.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Three Years' Englewood High School, Chicago, Ill., Spanish C Gym Exhibition.

Although Laura has not been with us long, she has made many friends throughout the school.



Benj. Spector

SPECTOR, BENJAMIN.

60 Peshine Ave

General Latin. Prospects: N. J. College of Pharmacy.

"Life lives only in success."

Latin Club; Class Relays; Chemistry Club; Gym Exhibition.

A fellow who is sure to make a success of everything he does. Besides being a good-natured fellow Ben is a clever student.



STARK, HELEN.

316 15th Ave

Commercial. Prospects: Undecided.

"Not much talk, a great, sweet silence."

Although Helen has not taken an active interest in club life at Central, she is a pleasant addition to our class.

THE PIVOT



STEIN, HANNAH.

28½ Rose Street.

Commercial. Prospects: Normal.

"A happy talent is the gift of Nature."

Chess and Checkers Club; Journalist Club; Swimming Club; Glee Club; Dante Literary Society; City Field Exhibition; PIVOT Board.

Not a very talkative girl, but a good student. Hannah is sure to overcome any obstacle in her path.



STEINLAUF, RAE G.

477 So. 11th Street.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Normal.

"For nature made her what she is, and never made another."

Spanish Club; Journalist Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Glee Club; Girls' Gym Exhibition; Dante Literary Society; Girls' A. A.; Girls' Service Club; 4C Harvest Dance Committee; Girls' Dancing Club; Girls' Athletic Meet; Shorthand Speed Attainment Club; Operetta.

Here is a maid with a list of activities that deserves honorable mention; Rae has taken an interest in school clubs and school life.



STATELLA, MARIE.

403 S. 11th Street.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Normal.

"A countenance full of sweet serenity."

Secretary of Dante Literary Society; Chess and Checkers Club; Journalist Club; Harvest Dance Committee; Valentine Dance Committee; Centro Castellano; Armory Dance Exhibition; Senior Follies.

Marie can never be found with her lessons unprepared. That would be a calamity. She believes in being an early bird.



STRAUSSBERG, HELEN.

565 High Street.

College Prep. Prospects: Goucher.

"A generous soul is sunshine to the mind."

Girls' Gym Exhibition; Girls' Service Club; G. O. Executive of Girls' Service Club.

Helen is very good-natured; we never see her without a smile.



SWEENEY, AGNES.

610 Summer Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Normal.

*"Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace."*

Girls' Service Club; Glee Club.

When it comes to looks, Agnes is there. Besides she is a zealous worker with a cheerful countenance all the time.



WANERMAN, CHARLES.

98 Ferry Street

College Prep. Prospects: Undecided.

"Give thy noise more thought."

Chess and Checkers Club.

Someone said that the average person could live on sixty cents a day but we don't think Charles could. His smiles and good nature account for his being a regular "baby elephant."



WHETHAM, RALPH.

437 Summer Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"The mildest manners, the gentlest heart."

His worth is evident to all.



WORTZEL, DAVID.

57 Bedford Street

Commercial. Prospects: Medical College.

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

Dante Literary Society.

Wortzel has not participated in much club life, so that we are inclined to believe he enjoys his own company very much.



YOUNG, FRANK.

423 So. 21st Street.

Commercial. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Mystical Club; Stamp and Coin Club; Spanish Club; Gym Exhibition.

A person with a true feeling and a sincere heart; sure to be successful for once he sets himself to a task, it is accomplished.



MITTL, ANTHONY.

389 So. 6th Street.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"Men of few words are the best men."

Central Radio Club.

Anthony is clever in his studies, but we wish he were not so backward.

BIEBELBERG, EUGENE.

2 Homestead Park.

College Prep. Prospects: Undecided.

"Give thy thoughts more tongue."

Glee Club; PIVOT Agent; Dante Literary Society.

Biebelberg is ambitious and sincere. He is sure to succeed in anything he undertakes.

BRIEF, HYMAN.

153 Barclay Street.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"In every mischief his hand is visible."

Class Relay; Chess and Checkers Club; Spanish Club; Mystical Club; Vice-President Mystical Club.

Whatever Hyman does, he is bound to do well. We wish him success.

BRIEF, PHILIP.

153 Barclay Street.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: N.Y.U.

"Bigness is not always reckoned by size."

Class Relay; Chess and Checkers Club; Spanish Club; Mystical Club; Gym Exhibition.

Philip is not very big, so there is little to say about him.

THE PIVOT

COE, ETHEL MAE. 94 Alexander Street.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"I love tranquil solitude."

Senior Follies; 4B Dance Committee.

Ethel's poetic ability is quite obvious. We wish we had seen more of her during her school career.

DECTER, WILLIAM. 569 S. 12th Street.

College Prep. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"He that hath knowledge, spareth his words."

Class Relay; Gym Exhibition.

William is preparing himself for a bright career.

FISCHGRUND, LEO. 642 High Street.

College Prep. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"A man's worth is not hard to find."

Alpha; Omega; Chess and Checkers Club; W. S. S. Speaker; Barnstormers; Tennis Club; Secretary of Central Service Club; Vice-President; Secretary and Treasurer of Spanish Club; President of 4C Class; Chairman Vaudeville of Senior Follies; Winner of Old English "C".

A glance at the above shows that Leo's activities are as diverse as they are numerous. He deserves credit for his earnest work during his stay with us.

LOCKWOOD, HARRY S. 72 Boyden Avenue.

Technical. Prospects: Leland.

"I came not here to study."

Class relays; Chess and Checkers Club; Technical Club; Vice-President of Technical Club; President of Technical Club; Central Service Club.

He frequently has attacks of spring fever, and believes in taking life easy. Don't blame you, Harry.

PICOT, LESLIE. 57 Columbia Avenue.

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

"It is the wise head that makes the still tongue."

Central Service Club.

Determination, good faith and seriousness have been his distinguishing characteristics.

TAYLOR, MILDRED. 15 Shanley Avenue.

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"So buxom, blithe and debonair."

Chess and Checkers Club; Journalist Club; 4C Harvest Dance Committee; Shorthand Speed Attainment Club.

Mildred is not very talkative, but is a good student, liked by all.

THE MORNING FORUM

This department is devoted to the interests of public speaking in Central, being not only a record of all speeches given in the auditorium, but an encouragement and friendly criticism for the benefit of our budding orators.



CHARLES GIESKE, "*Finals at Princeton*," March 16, 1922.—A good talk as usual.

WILLIAM HODES, "*Must the World Die of Thirst*," March 11, 1922.—An interesting subject well discussed.

JOHN REILLY, "*The Bloodhound the Detective*," March 16, 1922.—You brought out some good points in your speech.

DONALD FOX AND JOSEPH ADOFF, "*Central-Passaic Game*," March 17, 1922.—Would that there were many more novel talks in our daily routine.

MARY KAPLAN, "*Houses of Straw*," March 17, 1922.—A good talk marred by your nervousness.

HENRY HARRIS, "*The First Moving Picture Show*," March 22, 1922.—A well chosen topic well given.

EVA MEISLER, "*Science in Japan*," March 22, 1922.—We were all interested in this scientific age. Let us hear from you again.

RAY RUSSOMANNO, "*Le Corbeau et le Renard*," March 23, 1922.—We all wished we understood French, after your pleasing recitation.

EVELYN PORT, "*Die Riesen und die Zuerge*," March 23, 1922.—Your novel recital was well rendered.

LOUIS GOLDMAN, "*4A Dance*," March 23, 1922.—As usual welcome, come again.

ELSIE FUGELSTAD, "*A Message*," March 27, 1922.—A little more preparation next time, Elsie.

LOUIS GOLDMAN, "*The Pivot*," March 29, 1922.—A convincing argument why we should buy the PIVOT.

VALERIE LEWKOWICZ, March 30, 1922.—We were delighted to hear from Valerie, a former Centralite in her charming greeting.

SUZAN MARTINKA, "*The Brief History of The Merrimac*," March 30, 1922.—You gave us some good historical facts.

GERTRUDE WEISS, "*Longing*," March 31, 1922.—A novel talk which interested all.

LESTER BRETTEHEIMER, "*4B Dance*," April 5, 1922.—Your tone of voice woke us for the day.

ELIZABETH JAY, "*4C Bunny Dance*," April 7, 1922.—A cute talk well given.

SAMUEL APPLEBAUM, "*Violin Solo*," April 7, 1922.—Again the hearts of the audience throbbed. We always like to hear you play.

JOSEPH KATCHEN, "*Central's Most Vital Question*," April 17, 1922.—Had you spoken more distinctly your talk would have been much better.

Little Coney Island Lunch and Soft Drink Co.

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We Serve the best Food and the Purest Refreshing Drinks at Popular Prices

Can you ask more or be satisfied with less?

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BASKETBALL

JUNIORS vs. SOPHOMORES

On March 28 the Juniors trimmed the Sophomores by a big score and earned a place to battle against the Seniors for the final game. Dot Simmonds was the high scorer for the juniors and F. Duner was the big scorer for the losers:

JUNIORS

	F.G.	F.T.	Pts.
Captain Hiller, forward.....	8	2	18
Simonds, forward.....	10	1	21
Seco, center.....	0	0	0
Law, S. C.	0	0	0
Ginbano, guard.....	0	0	0
Brent, guard.....	0	0	0
Total.....	18	3	39

SOPHOMORES

	F.G.	F.T.	Pts.
Captain Falconer, S. C.....	0	0	0
Mason, center.....	0	0	0
Trabert, forward.....	3	1	7
Duner, forward.....	1	6	8
Schwartz, guard.....	0	0	0
Belfus, guard.....	0	0	0
Total.....	4	7	15

Referee: Mr. Schnieder, Central High School.

SENIORS vs. JUNIORS

On March 23rd the Seniors and Juniors clashed for the semi-title of the girls' basketball season. The teams were evenly matched as far as height and weight went and the game was a battle from the start to the whistle blew until the end. The score was tied three times during the game and at the beginning of the last quarter of the game the score was 14 to 14. By having a foul called on a Junior, Babe Satz put the Seniors in the lead and kept the Sophomores from scoring any more until the game ended.

SENIORS

	F.G.	F.T.	Pts.
Capt. Babe Satz, forward.....	6	1	12
Edith Becker, forward.....	1	0	2
Enda La Que, guard.....	0	0	0
Dora Bush, guard.....	0	0	0
Virginia Shipman, center.....	0	0	0
Daisy Eskowitz, S. C.....	0	0	0
Total.....	7	1	14

JUNIORS

	F.G.	F.T.	Pts.
Capt. Heller.....	2	1	4
Simmonds.....	4	1	8
Haggarty.....	0	0	0
Law.....	0	0	0
Ginbano.....	0	0	0
Brent.....	0	0	0
Total.....	6	2	12

Referee—Mr. Muller, South Side High School.



OUR CHAMPS.

Girls' Basketball Games

SENIORS VS. SOPHOMORES

The semi-final games of the girls' basketball teams got under way March 21 under the supervision of Miss Maynard.

The Seniors, represented by one of the best teams ever seen in Central, swamped the Sophomores by an overwhelming score.

On March 31st the final game of the girls' basketball season was played and witnessed by a large crowd of both school mates and outsiders. The

Seniors and Juniors exhibited the best game of season. Each team played as if the game depended on their lives. The Juniors held the Seniors to a tie until the last quarter and then Captain "Babe" Satz was loose and dropped in three field goals from all angles and put the Seniors in the lead until the end. Edne La Que team mate deserves credit for their fine exhibition in the last quarter. The Seniors will secure gold medals by winning the final game.

Captain Jeannette B. Satz was the high scorer in the game—netting sixteen field goals and the free throw in the game. Trabert played best for Sophomores, getting two field goals.

SENIORS

	F.G.	F.T.	Pts.
Captain Babe Satz, forward.....	11	4	26
Edith Becker, forward.....	0	0	0
Virginia Shipman, center.....	0	0	0
Daisy Eskowitz, S. C.....	0	0	0
Edne La Que, guard.....	0	0	0
D. Friend, guard	0	0	0
H. Doyle	0	0	0
Total	11	4	26

JUNIORS

	F.G.	F.T.	Pts.
Captain B. Hellar.....	5	2	12
D. Simonds	3	3	9
Haggarty	0	0	0
Law	0	0	0
Brent	0	0	0
Juliano	0	0	0
Total	8	5	21

Referee—Mr. Sargent, Central High School.

SENIORS

	F.G.	F.T.	Pts.
Captain J. Satz, forward.....	16	1	32
E. Becker, forward.....	6	0	12
E. Lo Que, guard.....	0	0	0
D. Bush, guard	0	0	0
V. Shipman, center.....	0	0	0
D. Eskowrtz, S. C.....	0	0	0
Total	22	1	44

SOPHOMORES

	F.G.	F.T.	Pts.
Captain A. Falconer.....	1	0	2
F. Trabert	2	0	4
M. Schwartz	0	0	0
R. Belfus	0	0	0
F. Duner	0	0	0
Turne	0	0	0
Total	3	0	6

Referee—Mr. Cairlero, South Side High School.

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244 SOUTH ORANGE AVENUE

Honor Roll

101	210	309	403
Javalas, Georgiana	Carter, Wilfred	Bearder, Gladys	Mitchell, Dorothy
109	215 A.M.	310 P. M.	404
Guttman, Isabel	Paskiewicz, Anella	Abelowitz, Bertha	Lee, Arthur
110	Levinson, Herman	Braithwaite, Dorathea	Rothenberg, Jos.
Mink, Selma	215 P.M.	Caprio, Lena	408
202 P.M.	Reiss, Joseph	317	Cohen, Juluis
Abramowitz, Rose	217 P. M.	Bernstein, Gussie	Decter, William
Meeker, Townley	Abeles, Richard	319	Goodman, M.
203 P.M.	218	Palanski, J.	Javalas, Thomas
Galinsky, Ida	Rhoads, Edith	320	409
204	218 P. M.	Blatter, Elizabeth	Fasten, Sara
Schar, Rose	Abranowitz, Rae	320 P. M.	411
Troian, Liette	219	Blank, Marie	Pract, Emily
Sussman, Evelyn	Greenfield, Ruth	Barke, Jessie	415
206	Steinlauf, Rae	402	Hinkley, Helen
Brugler, Claire	305	Green, Florence	Mettitt, Adelaide
207	Jellinek, Edward	Jay, Elizabeth	416
Tropp, Blanche	308 A. M.		Zalkin, Sophie
	Cavanaugh, Alice		

Continued from Page 23

lympic game, wearing the medal of World's All-round Champ, called in athletic parlance the De-athlon.

After finishing this rather lengthy recital, my guests expressed their pleasure for a pleasant afternoon. After they left, I sat on the veranda musing and wondering about my old associates. I then heard my husband's footsteps and as I went to meet him, I knew the dear old school would never be forgotten, for embodied in my husband was the spirit of CENTRAL.

We have been requested by many pupils of the "Central High" to serve a good lunch for a small fair price.

For some time this was impossible. BUT—food is coming down, and we will comply with your request. We are now serving a

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CLASS WILL

We, the class of May, 1922, of the far-famed Central High School, City of Newark, County of Essex and State of New Jersey, being sound in body (even after the tortures of our beloved Gym) and in full possession of our faculties (even after voting our class ballot) do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament:

ARTICLE I.—To those who seek the kindly advice, the ever-ready support and the careful guidance which has been the bulwark of our success in school, we give and bequeath our most learned and beloved principal, Mr. William Wiener.

ARTICLE II.—To the school in general and to future senior classes who so wish it we leave the untiring effort and good will of our respected advisor, Dr. Schleicker.

ARTICLE III.—To those who are ambitious demand that they receive the teachings of an incomparable faculty we leave our most esteemed pedagogues.

ARTICLE IV.—To those who have literary aspirations and other budding journalists that they may practice to their heart's content in the manner that we have done, we bequeath our much-known PIVOT.

ARTICLE V.—To those whose appetites for good food will surmount all obstacles even a four-flight climb, we leave the lunch-room in the hope that they will patronize it as we have done.

ARTICLE VI.—To those who need reflection upon their evil doings we joyfully leave the quietude of Room 217.

ARTICLE VII.—To those seniors whose dignity demands that they be the cynosure of all eyes in the auditorium we gladly leave our front row seats, knowing full well they will never look as solemn or behave as well as we did.

ARTICLE VIII.—To those who aspire to reach the top of the athletic ladder of fame we leave our past records to be equalled or broken.

ARTICLE IX.—To those who take pride in our well-filled trophy case, we leave the pleasure of gazing upon a hard-earned and well deserved collection, providing they make an earnest effort to gain even more laurels, just as we have done.

ARTICLE X.—Now that we leave behind us an ever-growing school-spirit we depend upon all present and future Centralites to keep the ball a-rolling.

ARTICLE XI.—To those Centralites who crave for the strains of sweet music we leave the task of swelling the Organ Fund, to which we have given our share, with the hope that some day we will return to enjoy the pealings of a colossal organ.

ARTICLE XII.—To all Centralites we give, most important of all, the all-pervading prospect of successful completion of their courses which happily we are about to realize.

LASTLY: Knowing full well that under the shelter of our Alma Mater remain many valuable possessions, which we have not mentioned. It is our will that they be left to all present and future Centralites for their common benefit and that they may derive pleasure thereof.

Having thus freely given some of our most cherished possessions, we hereby designate and appoint Mr. William Wiener as executor of our estate.

In witness thereof, we hereby set our seal this month of May, in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-two.

(Signed) CLASS OF MAY, 1922.

Scaled in the presence of

GEORGE COOPER,
Attorney.

CLASS BALLOT

<i>Most Popular Boy</i>	<i>Most Girlish Boy</i>	Donal Fox
Meyer Kessel	Ray LaBar	<i>Best Mixer (Girl)</i>
William Helbig	Louis Wortzel	Rhoda Eder
<i>Most Popular Girl</i>	<i>Laziest Boy</i>	Mildred Jacobson
Sophie Gelbond	Meyer Kessel	<i>Most Studious Boy</i>
Rhoda Eder	Charles Wanerman	Leslie Cassidy
<i>Best Looking Boy</i>	<i>Laziest Girl</i>	Joseph Rothenberg
Donal Fox	Sophie Oppenheim	<i>Most Studious Girl</i>
Meyer Kessel	<i>Noisiest Boy</i>	Roth Greenfield
<i>Best Looking Girl</i>	Donal Fox	Marie Statella
Agnes Sweeney	Leo Fischgrund	<i>Quietest Boy</i>
Flora Goldstein	<i>Noisest Girl</i>	Raymond la Bar
<i>Best Boy Athlete</i>	Rhoda Eder	Anthony Mittle
Joseph Krueger	Rose Greenstein	<i>Quietest Girl</i>
William Helbig	<i>Best Boy Orator</i>	Gussie Ostrowsky
<i>Best Girl Athlete</i>	Leo Fischgrund	Celia Levin
Virginia Shipman	Joseph Adoff	<i>Class Baby</i>
Ida Franceschini	<i>Best Girl Orator</i>	Frieda Nasanowsky
<i>Best Boy Dresser</i>	Rae Steinlauf	Ida Franceschini
Donal Fox	Rhoda Eder	<i>Wittiest Person (Boy)</i>
Joseph Adoff	<i>Biggest Braggart</i>	Donal Fox
<i>Best Girl Dresser</i>	Leo Fischgrund	Leo Fischgrund
Sophie Gelbond	Morris Schlain	<i>Wittiest Person (Girl)</i>
Mildred Jacobson	<i>Best Boy Dancer</i>	Rose Greenstein
<i>Best All Around Boy</i>	Donal Fox	Sophie Oppenheim
Joseph Krueger	Leslie Cassidy	<i>Class Politician</i>
George Cooper	<i>Best Girl Dancer</i>	George Cooper
<i>Best All Around Girl</i>	Agnes Keogh	Leo Fischgrund
Sadie Marotta	Mildred Jacobson	<i>Hardest Worker (Class)</i>
Ruth Greenfield	<i>Hardest Worker (for class)</i>	Morris Schlain
<i>Class Pests</i>	Sadie Marotta	George Cooper
Leo Fischgrund	Rhoda Eder	<i>Most Boyish Girl</i>
Hymen Brief	<i>Best Mixer (Boy)</i>	Rhoda Eder
	Meyer Kessel	Irma Falk

Notes of the Art Department

Exhibit of the Work of the Students of the Art Department.

This exhibit, which is the tenth annual showing of the work of the pupils of the department, will occur as usual, on the day and evening of graduation, late in May. It is held in the Art Department and to this exhibit the public is cordially invited.

* * * * *

Among the Alumni of the Art Department who are attracting praiseworthy attention is William Heyer who graduated from Central in January, 1917. Through constant hard work and unfatiguing ambition, he has become known among the recognized

etchers of America; and to his great credit, he has reached thus far in his progress toward inevitable success at an age early in the twenties.

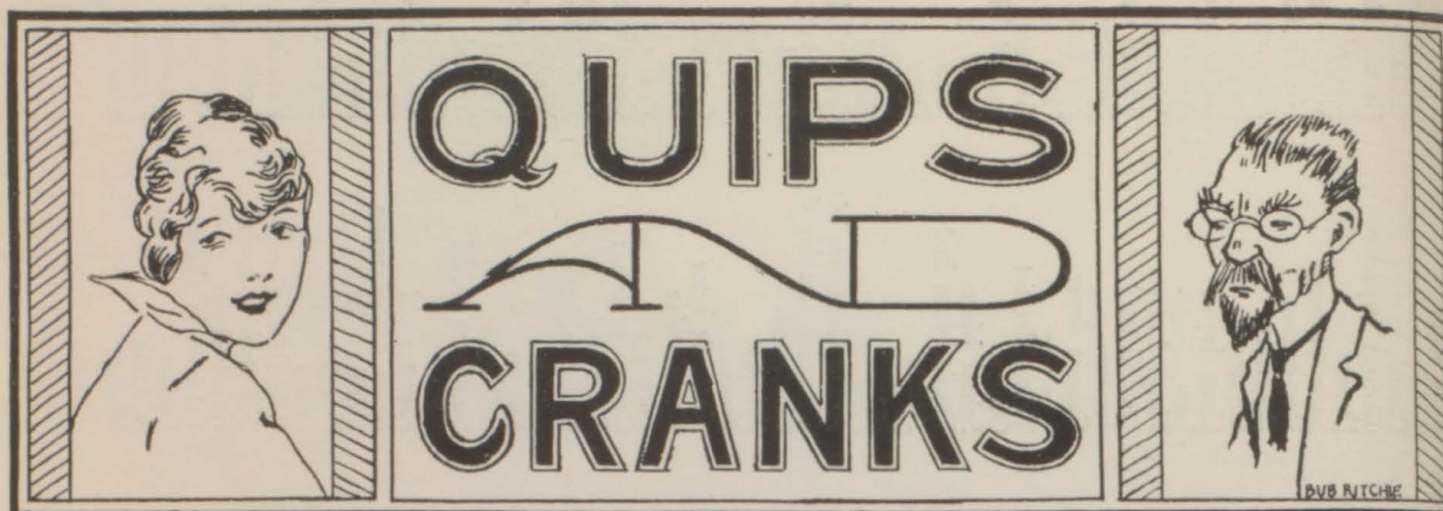
Several of his etchings have been published in the Sunday supplement of the *New York Times* and the *World* recently. The article was illustrated with a reproduction of his drawings.

To his ability as an etcher, he has also added a good reputation as a painter. Both of the last two exhibitions of the National Academy of Design in New York, have contained two of his pictures.

Senior Slatts

NAME	ALIAS	AILMENT	CURE	DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS	DOOM	HOW THEY GOT THROUGH
Adoff, Joseph	"Jooky"	Fiddle	No fiddle	Goggles	Orchestra leader	By luck
Arace, Dante	"Virgil"	Always Alone	Girls	His smile	Solitaire	Ask him
Anderson, Burl	"Burl"	Saxophone	Flat music	Height	Opera star	An accident
Berger, Lottie	"Lot"	Eyes	Specs	Quietness	Model	Bluffed
Berla, Harold	"Hal"	Helen	Wedding	Shortness	Baby nurse	He doesn't know
Biebelberg, Eugene	"Gene"	Hash	Beanery	Glasses	Warden	Skidded thro'
Brief, Philip	"Philly"	Cards	Being broke	Briefness	Circus	Crawled
Brief, Hymen	"Hymie"	Phil	Marriage	Pair of wings	Pierced-Arrow	Ask Philip
Cassidy, Leslie	"Les"	Grin	Wife	Collegian clothes	Minister	Concealed ignorance
Coc, Ethel	"Coco"	Green Blouse	Tailor	Shiny nose	Artist's model	Naturally
Cooper, George	"Georgie"	Arguing	108	Southness	Tooth-pick model	Squeezed thro'
Dectar, William	"Deck"	His Gang	Solitude	Nose	Missionary	Luck
Dippel, Horace	"Dip"	Good Nature	A goat	His blush	Rouge advertiser	A secret
Eder, Rhoda	"Rho"	Swimming Club	Desert	Speech	Ballot dancer	Nobody knows
Eisner, Sophie	"Soph"	Smiling	Desert Island	Dancing	Mrs. M. L.	Danced
Falk, Irma	"Giggy"	Movies	Detention	Her hair	Actress	Pushed
Farr, Thurland	"Thur"	Adele	Minister	Teeth	Dentist	"Pull"
Fischgrund, Leo	"Fish"	Running for office	Make him president	Nose	Soap box politician	Pested thro'
Fox, Donal	"Don"	Smiles	Grouch	Looks	Wally Reid, 2nd	Smiled
Franceschini, Ida	"Skinny"	Name	Shortening	Ears	Ear Puff Illustrator	Slipped
Friedman, Herman	"Hermes"	"Uh-Uh"	Jazz Band	Face	Violinist	He doesn't know
Garrigan, Genevieve	"Gen"	Tongue	Pasters	Clothes	Truant officer	Cut thro'
Gelbond, Sophie	"Sargy"	Cuttin'	217	Cheeks	Wedding bells	Walked through
Goldfarb, Esther	"Baby"	No Pep	Rattle	Inactiveness	Chorus girl	Fooled them
Goldstein, Flora	"Flo"	Too Shy	Some nerve	Smile	Opera singer	Sang
Goldstein, Sadie	"Say"	Musical laugh	Sour Pickle	Goo-Goo eyes	Lawyer	Hard work
Goodman, Max	"Maxie"	Chubbiness	Exercise	Glasses	Circus	Pushed
Greenfield, Ruth	"Pussy"	Cleverness	Dunce Cap	Height	Good wife	10 s.
Greenstein, Rose	"Greenie"	Noisiness	Convent	Voice	Sister	A secret

Hailperin, Morris	Book room	No Book room	Always in the book room	Book agent	Unnoticed
Jacobson, Mildred	Bashfulness	The Follies	Face	Schlain	Watchful
Javalas, Thomas	Hee-haw-haw	Solemnity	Funny answers	Clown	Grinned
Julian, Walter	Fellows	Girls	Gym	Garbage inspector	By the skin of his teeth
Keogh, Agnes	Dimples	Grouch	W/alk	Dancer	Danced
Kessel, Meyer	Blushes	Nerve	Baby eyes	Soda dispenser	We'll never tell
Kridel, Jerome	Stare	Electric Shock	The 2 Harolds	Dog catcher	Not his fault
Kruger, Joseph	Mildred	Rabbi	Football	Bachelor	Athletics
Levin, Celia	Self-consciousness	Forgetfulness	"J. K."	Divorce	So So
La Bar, Raymond	Quietness	Earthquake	Talkativeness	Cheer leader	By being quiet
Levin, Sam	speech	Silence	Brief case	Law	Argued
Lockwood, Sadye	Silence	Noise of the 4A's	Important look	Horse doctor	Worried
Mann, Adelaide	Talking with her hands	Winter	Chatter	"Ad Getter"	Talked way thro'
Morotta, Sady	Copy of THE PIVOT	Ask Him	Worried look	Janitress	Somehow
Martinka, Mary	Has None	So none is needed	Shyness	Cabaret singer	Fell thru
Meyer, Harry	Absent Slips	208	Matching pennies	—?—	"Pull"
Meltzer, Harry	Basketball	Sloan's Liniment	The Ladies	Tonsorial artist	Athletics
Mittle, Harry	Silence	Soup	Voice	Orator	Rushed Thru
Nasanowsky, Frieda	Curls	Barber	Size	School Marm	Secret
Oppenheim, Sophie	Moonlight	Honeymoon	Hair	Fannie Hurst 2nd	Wrote
Ostrowsky, Gussie	Cuteness	Rattle	Drawing	Artiste	Drew
Palagonia, Jasper	Zoology	Drop it	Face	Cook	Crawled
Pedlosky, David	Humor	Detention	His Lies	Auctioneer	Bluffed
Picot, Leslie	Free Speech	Brass Band	Gawdy ties	Arrow Collar model	Good riddance
Poll, Fannie	Lack of Height	Yeast	Lips	Champion stocking darning	Blew thru
Prach, Emily	Fun	Solemnity	Personality	Conductress	Smiled
Rakofsky, Pauline	Tongue	An operation	Her feet	Spinster	Worked
Redman, Mildred	Lips	Color	Hands	Nurse	Worried
Rosenberg, Meyer	Speed	Practice	Height	Acrobatic actor	Grinned
Rosinsky, Fannie	Calamity Jane	Come to life	Dare not tell	Rabbi's wife	Drag
Rothenberg, Joseph	Talk	Three months' solitude	Face	Farmer	Puzzle
Rothman, Emanuel	Study	Recreation	Hair	College professor	Camouflage
Rodeman, Charles	Silence	A bomb	His eyebrows	Court fool	Pushed thru
Schlain, Morris	Money	Gambling	"M. J." of 411	Model husband	Bluffed his way thru
Schwartz, Celia	Size	Don't eat	Her beau	Circus	Worried
Shipman, Virginia	Talk	Cut the tongue	Teeth	Lawyer	Hard work
Siegel, Rose	Speed	Slowness	Red stockings	Suffragette	Talked
Sippel, Paul	Height	Shrinker	Haircomb	Stringbean model	Slipped
Spector, Benjamin	Nonsense	Sense	Knowledge	Cash boy	Grinding
Stein, Hannah	Grin	Take it off	Her shoes	Elevator girl	Watchful waiting
Statella, Marie	Tempor	She'll outgrow it	Noise	Rural school marm	Pleasant ways
Stark, Helen	Sweet dreams	Marriage	The ring	Shiek's wife	Nerve
Sternberg, Rebecca	Speech	Hand grenade	Literature	Novelist	Mystery
Steinlauf, Rae	Miss B.	Hubby	Giggles	Opera star	Pull
Straussberg, Helen	Boasting	Outrun of supply	Sweaters	Coles Phillips' model	Favoritism
Sweeney, Agnes	Smile	Earthquake	Looks	Silk stocking model	Looks
Taylor, Mildred	Stoutness	Reducer	Red Dress	Fortune teller	Eventually
Waneman, Charles	Fat	Eatless	His stomach	Fat man in circus	Worried
Whetham, Ralph	When he talks	Umbrella	That look	Farmer	Unnoticed
Wurtzel, David	Smallness	Stretch him	His neck	A freak	Crammed
Young, Frank	Candy	Sugar	His high laugh	Modiste	Like most of them



If you were hit by a flivver, wouldn't it rattle you?

Byrdine Block—"I wonder why my teacher put a dash on my report card?"

Sess Botnick—"Well, maybe he didn't want to express himself."

Rosenberg—"Do you like rich food?"

Meltzer—"No, I can't afford it."

AT THE PASSING OF A HEARSE

Dippel—"People just die to ride in that wagon."

Pierce—"That may be so but that's the last thing I'll ever ride in."

Recently Isadore Schary was arrested for speeding. When caught by the officer he was asked why he had been travelling at that terrific speed. "Well," responded Schary, "I was short of gas and I wanted to get home before it ran out."

Art Lee—"Gee! How can you eat those buns. They're just like rocks."

"Flap"—"Well, it gives me a good foundation for a meal."

Do you remember these words which were recently stated by Mr. Wiener in an auditorium talk? . . .

"You have but two ears and one mouth. Use them in proportion."

You do not because they were spoken by Reverend Dr. Rose.

Miriam Gorlin—"Father, the man that you owe \$500 is on the phone."

Father—"Tell him that we had the phone taken out."

Father—"Lou, go fetch the old horse."

Goldman—"Why the old one, father?"

Father—" 'Wear out the old ones first,' is my motto."

Goldman—"Well then, father, you fetch the horse."

I shouldn't have eaten that mission steak

Said the cannibal king with a frown

For oft I've heard the old proverb

You can't keep a good man down.

Lena Friedman—"Do you know why people are afraid to talk about the Public Service?"

Frances Rosen—"No, why?"

Lena Friedman—"Because there are Lissners (Lissners) across the street."

Ida Margoles—"There are no witches."

Rebecca Marantz—"There are. What about those flirts who bewitch a person?"

Teacher—"What light do we get from the moon?"

Absentminded Student—"Moonshine."

Mr. Smith—"Write me a measure of compound time."

Student—"Mr. Smith, do you want triplets?"

Mr. Smith—"No, one is enough at a time."

THE PIVOT

If Plato could shimie could Aristotle?

Coach—"Your muscles are all worked out. I think you're a little stiff."

Koplin—"Don't you dare call me that again!"

A blizzard is the middle of a hen.

The stomach is just outside of the ribs.

Geometry teaches us how to bisect angels.

Typhoid fever can be prevented by fascination.

When Cicero delivered his oration he was a pre-fix.

The government of England is a Limited Mockery.
The purpose of the skeleton is to hitch men up to.

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

Climate is caused by the emotion of the earth around the sun.

Webster was a gift of the Nullification Act.
Mica is a kind of fertilizer used in stoves.

George Washington married Martha Custis and in due time he became the father of his country.

A permanent set of teeth—eight canines, eight cuspids, two molars, and eight cuspidors.

Tuberculosis spreads by people spitting and drying up and then floating around.

Hydrophia has almost destroyed smallpox. It is made from a rabbit dried and ground into powder.

The vaccine has almost entirely destroyed smallpox. It looks like a cow and its head is like a cow's.

Digestion is carried on in the stomach by means of acrobatic juices.

The chamois is valuable for its feathers, the whale for its kerosene.

Those who smoke are always a year or a year and a half older than those who don't smoke. In Yale this problem was worked out and it came true.

On November 11, 1918, Germany caved in amid much blowing of whistles and horns, banging of tin cans, and many parades.

A scientific research is something way inside you that you don't know anything about.

A mountain range is a large sized cook stove.

Posting means setting on a post.

To stop nosebleed, stand on your head till your heart stops beating. (Try it kid.)

The three largest cities in the United States are London, Atlantic City and Pennsylvania.

My skates are pall bears.

When you want to kill a hog you stab him in the aqueduct.

Georgia was founded by people who had been executed.

Salmon are caught in the Columbia River about the time of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

In California they raise pears, peaches and surplises.

The Aleutian Islands are in Alaska and are noted for their universities.

The geyser in Germany is trying to have peace.

Extra—Wo—Extra, do you know that Esther Stein, our former million-dollar-doll, is working? Well she really is. I saw her with my own eyes.

Kessel—"Do you serve crabs here?"

Waiter—"Yes, sit down."

"Ay, there's the rub," said Mr. Rich as he passed the Turkish bath."

Teacher—"Why don't you spell labor with a capital?"

O. Lasser—"Because Labor and Capital don't go together."

Don Fox—"Once, when we were on a hike, I carried Fat Rice for a mile."

Cassidy—"That's carrying a joke too far."

Duffen—"There's an awful odor down near the Post Office."

Fischgrund—"I know. It's because of the dead letters."

Teacher—"Where is New Orleans?"

Stude (looking at map)—"At the bottom of the Mississippi."

To market—to market
To buy a fat pig
Home again, home again
With Fat Rice in the rig.

Mary had a little lamb
That she placed on the coal
So bye and bye she had some ham
That she ate with a roll.

THE PIVOT

Fischgrund showed his good judgment in acting as director for the Senior Follies by picking Fat Rice and George Cooper for the mob scene.

Mr. Stolper—"It's a disgrace the way the students hash Bacon."

Dr. Mones—"That's nothing; my students roast Lamb."

Ethel Grunt—"Why are you crying?"

Ruth Greenfield—"Meyer said he would give me something to make my neck pretty for Easter and he gave me a cake of soap."

Pat Deutsch—"He's full of yeast."

Lillian Mosias—"Yes, if he had more in him, he'd be better bred."

Jackie Kaness—"She dances like a miser."

Mary Nichols—"How's that?"

Jackie Kaness—"Awfully close."

Rose Schaf—"When are you going to graduate?"

Sylvia Rosenberg—"After I learn to cook."

Rose Schaf—"Why wait so long?"

Sylvia Rosenberg—"So I can make a lot of dough."

Phil—"There's one thing I like about you."

Lillian Mosias—"What's that?"

Phil—"My arm."

D'Andrea—"Did you see that girl smile at me?"

Betty Bracken—"Smile at you? Say, she was laughing at you."

Rosylyn Shoenholz—"I saw Joe Kruger hanging around a bunch of girls."

Sophie Newtes—"But I thought he was afraid of girls?"

Rosylyn Shoenholz—"Well, you know the old saying, 'There's safety in numbers.'"

Batchelor—"What makes a girl a flapper?"

Kelly—"Well, a flip girl that's flipper—that makes her a flapper."

Helen Dunworh—"Why do you shout so when you talk to me?"

Kunello—"Well, I want to make myself heard above your loud sweater."

Krich—"I'm sick of Chemistry."

Okin—"Well, why don't you take Physics?"

Klein—"Can you name Heinz's 57 varieties?"

Koplin—"No, but a tomato can."

CAN YOU IMAGINE——

Levenson and Abeles agreeing in Economics?

Kruger wasting his lunch period without "janes Goldman when he's not sore?"

Meltzer not boasting?

"Bobbie" Keness without her twin "Jackie?"

Oscar Lasser not in the PIVOT office?

Elsie Gugelstad without P. D.?"

Adoff not making a "wise crack" in the auditorium?

Charlie Krich without Paul Okin?

Helbig speaking to a girl?

Irene Amada getting in the Home room early?

——WE CAN'T!

Needel—"She's as pretty as a picture."

Gilman—"Yes, and hand-painted, too."

The modern girl who falls for a box of bon-bon is only following in the steps of her prehistoric sis who fell for a box on the ears.

Shapiro—"Do you believe in throwing shoes newly married couples?"

Brady—"Yes, if you take the feet out of the first."

Beck—"My father married three girls the same night."

Mollie Beim—"Is that so?"

Beck—"Sure! He's a minister."

Cassidy—"My neck hurts. What's good for it?"

Allen—"Soap and water."

Tokar—"I know a man that was locked up in a cave for two weeks without food."

Treihart—"But how did he manage to exist?"

Tokar—"Well, you see, every time he would think of home, a lump would come up in his throat, so he swallow it."

Wouldn't "Fat Rice" be better expressed "Puffed Rice?"

Lillian M.—"He sleeps like a log."

Phil Deutsch—"Well, his father is a lumberjack."

Teacher—"Mary, why don't you sit down?"

Mary Nichols—"No thanks, I was horseback yesterday."

Ruth Horland—"Is that true that he has warts on his knee?"

Estelle Kampf—"Sure! Don't you see the holes he wears?"

Lines about the Seniors

Joe Adoff is sure a fine old part
 He calls S. O. when he's sick at heart,
 Burl Anderson is like his old Dad
 Troubles ruffled and always so sad,
 Dante Arace looks like Homer the wise
 We hope he captures a Roman prize,
 Lottie Berger is a friend indeed
 She will aid you if you are in need,
 Harold Berla attempts to convince
 Of all debaters he is the prince,
 Phil and Hyman as Brief as their name
 They shall be known in the Hall of Fame,
 Les Cassidy kicks the pigskin high
 And watches the race of men go by,
 Ethel Mae Coe is called a poet
 She is rare but she does not know it,
 George Cooper a hard working student
 A man of talent wise and prudent,
 Horace Dippel has a big broad smile
 M. S. has placed him on Dan Cupid's file,
 Rhoda Eder drops them as she goes
 All her hopeful romantic beaux,
 Sophie Eisner laughs when others sigh
 She passes all Dark Troubles by,
 Irma Falk is a super athlete
 In every game she's out to beat,
 Thurland Farr sees only Miss Sunshine
 'Dele Harris to him is a gold mine,
 Leo Fischgrund will have his last say
 If he fights, runs for it or does pay,
 Donald Fox an orator, a man
 He's as comical as Peter Pan,
 Ida Franceschini a true lass
 Modern Portia thru the looking glass,
 Herman Friedman's an ambitious lad
 Takes advantage of the latest fad,
 Genevieve Garrigan likes to dance
 With a gallant whom she can entrance,
 Sophie Gelbond is a busy little bee
 Never has time to be really "free,"
 Esther Goldfarb French Mademoiselle
 Future debutante society belle,
 Flora Goldstein sings all the day long
 She says 'tis "Just a Little Love Song,"
 Sadie Godstein a prim little maid
 Sober, steadfast and unafraid,
 Max Goodman is so jolly and gay
 He entertains the whole livelong day,
 Ruth Greenfield is truly unaware
 That she and M. K. would make a fine pair,
 Rose Greenstein likes to have a good time
 But must be home on the stroke of nine,
 Morris Hailperin is a saintly lad (?)
 He likes peace and quiet and a' that by gad!
 Mildred Jacobson like some others
 Can boast of several adrent lovers,

Les Cassidy's like the brave knight of old
 Who faced every battle in an armor of gold
 Les isn't partial to such grand array
 But likes tweed suits better what do you say?

Ethel Mae Coe is busy all the time
 Ever always putting her thoughts to rhyme
 And paints vivid pictures of Old World life
 She sings of great battles and times of strife.

Oli, Rhoda Eder fair Neptune's daughter
 We call to thee, oh nymph of the water
 And hope when you're splashing round on the waves
 You'll think of your friends who were far from knaves.

Sophie Oppenheim worries over naught
 She believes her ship will soon come to port
 Meanwhile she laughs at all of our fears
 And welcomes the rebuffs of the New Years.

Joseph Adoff the light weight cheerleader
 Likes to get off the land as Miss Eder
 He struts and stumbles up and down the field
 And the gigantic megaphone does wield.

Kessel knows what he wants when he wants it
 And then when he gets it he counts it
 You are wrong if you think it is money
 Elections tend to make his life sunny.

Rae Steinlauf adores all kinds of singers
 Birds of all feathers and all heart wringers
 The Blues will flee from all parts of Broadway
 When they hear the voice of the cheerful Rae.

Joe Kruger is known to most everyone
 He has fought hard for his place in the sun
 In basketball and football he won fame
 You can always count him as in the game.

Sophie Gelbond tries to do her best
 Has always and will always stand the test
 She's fair and square in every deal
 And likes all that is true good and real.

Donal Fox is very anxious for knowledge
 He went to grammar, high school, counts on college,
 You see he a star football player
 'Tis my belief he'll be a good heart slayer.

Meltzer is sure a giant in height
 Goes into everything with all his might
 When you hear him speak listen and heed
 He's a man to obey and one of great deeds.

THE PIVOT

Morris Schlain earns talks and collects money
He's keener for it than bees for honey
But Schlain is not like great Midas the king
Who saw gold everywhere in everything.

Tom Javalas a gallant to maids
Amuses them with his unique serenades,
Walter Julian quiet and so reserved
Blushes it is true, but also have nerve,
Agnes Keogh doesn't like jazz
And gives all fresh men the Royal Razz,
Meyer Kessel is bright and clever
His motto has been "now or never!"
Jerome Kridel, an Atlas in size
Looks concerned at the tint of his ties,
Joseph Kruger seems troubled in mind
His "intended" artfully declined,
Celia Levin does what she's told
Time is as dear as nuggets of gold,
Sam Levin delights in orations
But looks like the decorations,
Raymond La Bar a man who loves books
He always secludes himself in small, cozy nooks,
Adelaide Mann honest to goodness
Considers talking a bit of rudeness,
Sadye Marotta pensive and demure
Performs no task until she is sure,
Mary Martinka plain maid and true
An honored member of the True Blue,
Harry Meyer known as a French wit
Always puts the whole class in a fit,
Harry Mittl deemed the quietest boy
Is one who never, never does annoy,
Sophie Oppenheim can prophesy
But for me to criticize, oh my!
Gussie Ostrowsky has artistic touch
May she always and ever have such,
David Pedlosky enjoys drawing
His pictures make you feel like roaring,
Leslie Picot as proud as all cocks
Would not spare one of his golden locks,
Fannie Poll you can call "friend"
For she will mend where others will rend,
Emily Prach is right up-to-date
Never need worry about her fate,
Pauline Rakofsky chic, bright and gay
You are the Pamela of to-day,
Meyer Rosenberg a latin scholar

Knows as much as in on a dollar,
Fannie Rosinsky with that twinkle
May your face never have a wrinkle,
Morris Schlain is as straight as his hair
His kind you will find is very rare,
Celie Schwartz has eyes that fairly talk
She better look out when she takes a walk,
"Ginger" Shipman basketball guard
Prevents the foe from gaining a yard
Rose Siegel untiring and zealous
How do you do it, won't you please tell us?
Ben Spector a second Honest Abe
May he ever be as noble and brave,
Hannah Stein in robe of pearly gray,
What is thy calling, we humbly pray,
Rae Statella a mighty fine chum
She'd make a good man out of a bum,

Soph Eisner is the girl of emotion
Who always waits the time of promotion
I'm sure you'd like her if you knew her tho
Especially if you happened to be her beau.

Horace Dipple is a worry to girls
For he fairly sends them around in whirls
When he merrily trips them as he goes
Stepping lightly on their fantastic toes.

Ruth Greenfield means to be a teacher wise
Who goes to bed early and early does rise
Teaching her pupil to live like Quakers
Preaching her doctrine against all fakers.

Rebecca Sternberg is a writer of story
We hope she will gain great fame and glory,
Rae Steinlauf utters never a "nay"
For she has found that it doesn't pay,
Helen Straussberg studies the zoo,
We hope Helen, they won't frighten you,
Agnes Sweeney with auburn hair
We laud your name fairest of the fair,
Mildred Taylor has a taking way
All who know her will readily say,
Charles Wnerman good-natured fellow
Likes luscious pies and lots of jello,
Frankie Young is pious, frank and young
What more of little Frank could be sung,
Laura Smith knows her English so well
She really ought to have some to sell.

GERMAN DEPARTMENT

E. W. TRIESS, *Faculty Advisor*

ETHEL GOLDSTEIN, *Reporter*

Students of Central, do you know that we have fully established the teaching of German in Central High School? This may seem a very strange thing to say, for it means that the pupils are not even taking an interest in the affairs which affect them directly or indirectly. But it is true. However, I will continue to expatiate upon the great advantages which are derived from the study of German. First of all, comes something we are all interested in. That is amusement. The study of the German language is not only a pleasant pastime but a very interesting one. The folk tales, stories of ancient gods are stories that will always find an appreciative reader. Then, German is also a very useful art. To be able to read, speak and write German is an asset to be proud of. Now that trade with Germany is increasing more and more, it may become an essential factor in the business world to be well versed in the German language so that correspondence between our country and Germany in its native language will become an every day occurrence. So you see that the study of German has a three-fold advantage:

1. A pleasant pastime.
2. A useful art.
3. A valuable business asset.

GERMAN IN CENTRAL

On September 1, 1921, the study of German was recontinued. That is, new classes were formed, the system of teaching was revised somewhat and German was on its way! We began with two classes, containing sixty pupils altogether and only with one teacher. The great advancement of the German language can be perceived by the fact that now we have seven classes containing approximately 200 students conducted by three instructors. Progress in these classes is very rapid and the German period is a very interesting one. About once a month Mr. Triess plans to have Auditorium talks by the students, in French, German and Spanish. The first of these talks has already been given and was quite successful.

In the higher grades Mr. Triess expects to have a play, so that the pupils are approaching a very interesting time in their higher classes. We now come to the super-students! To do them justice we will place their names where everyone can gaze upon them and exclaim: "Here are the super-students of German!"

Among them we find a few familiar names, though they all deserve an equal amount of praise.

1A		Ethel Goldstein
1A		Pauline Rakofsky
1A		Evelyn Port
1A		Saul Gross
1B		Sadie Grabelsky

SENIOR CLASS PRESENTS "FOLLIES"

A novelty in entertainments was presented by the Senior Class in the auditorium on the night of May 5th.

Mr. Schleicher, Faculty advisor and Leo Fischgrund, student manager, assisted by Harold Berla and Morris Schlain, molded together quite an artistically talented group of students. The show was a success both financially and socially and the audience was well satisfied with the evening's procedures.

"School Days," "Three Jokers and a Queen," "Four Minstrels," "Kelly and Kotel," and "The Location" were the outstanding features of the miniature musical comedy.

The results of the show only help to prove that we possess the most versatile group of students in the country. We have never had a failure in any branch of activity.

The cast included Leo Fischgrund, Lester Bretenheimer, Sid Kotel, Bill Kelly, Abe Schocket, Herman Rice, Arthur Chivian, Herman Levinson, Benny Hershfield, George Cooper, Donald Fox and Leslie Cassidy. Female members were Rhoda Eder, Valerie Lewkowicz, Anita Span, Rae Steinlauf, and Selma Axt.

Orchestration was furnished by Bill Mendel's popular jazzonaders, who performed in very suitable fashion. An exhibition number was furnished by an outside band.

ASK QUESTIONS!

When you first take up shorthand remember this: "Do not be afraid to ask questions." Your whole stenographic career depends on your asking questions. If you do not have a good foundation you will never find your way to the path of success. Your teacher will not think that you are stupid if you ask him a question. When you leave the classroom that day, he will think you know the lesson and he will expect you to know it again. He wants you to pass the term almost as much as you want to yourself. He will not grudge you a little time to enlighten you on the subject.

Don't be timid! Ask questions!

DAISY ESKOWITZ.

THE PIVOT

LIFE'S DARN FUNNY

By SOPHIE S. OPPENHEIM

Percival Dinsmore was a fine young boy,
He never told a lie,
With the fair sex he was coy,
He was one good guy.

He went to school on time each day,
He'd never cut a class.
And when the piano he would play,
There was no raggy jazz.

He'd do his work each night and day,
Wore clothes sedate and prim,
He never missed his prayers to say,
Was stern, forbidding, grim.

But now, behold; Percy is seen
Each night in the "Golden Calf,"
Does funny stunts, stands on his bean,
That all the world may laugh.

Jimmie McGee was of different make,
He was a regular boy,
He loved to swim, sickness to fake,
His sister to annoy.

He never came to school on time,
Would cut a class or two,
Was on speaking terms with 209
The room that made you blue.

He wore a loud and flaring tie,
Trousers, width twenty-four,
A caved-in hat, that seemed to sigh,
Of days it knew no more.

But if to church, my dears you go,
At the pulpit you will see,
Preaching earnestly of "Love Your Foe,"
Our old friend, Jimmie McGee.

ORAL MAGAZINE REPORT

This is a specimen of an oral magazine report as given in a 4A class by Rae G. Steinlauf.

Mr. Bruhn discusses "An Efficient System for Conserving Your Time Expenditures" in the "Filing and Office Management Magazine." While it must be admitted, that many labor-saving plans have been worked out, it is likewise a fact, that little or nothing has been developed to help the man who works at a desk do his job quicker or better. For this reason, Mr Bruhn describes the following method that has

proved of much help to him, especially when there has been more work demanding his attention than he ordinarily tackles.

All that is necessary for this plan is a pad and pencil. If we have six or eight tasks demanding our attention, and all of them more or less of importance, we should jot these down in the order in which they occur to us.

Having put down the tasks, we have through this simple act gained control over them, for a person who does not use this plan is depending on his mind, thereby increasing the worrisome thought that some duty may be overlooked.

Of course you may say that this is unnecessary work, but the real "brass-tacks" worth of this plan or method is this—that it gives you a certain ease of mind by reason of the fact that at the time you are disposing your task a half dozen others are not bidding for your attention.

You know that all your duties are entered on the pad and that you are disposing of them in a definite way.

Having made note of the lesser duties as well as the more important ones, you know that they can't annoy you at the time you are concentrating on something else.

It is a good plan always to finish the job that is in hand, not because of its worth in itself, but because of the fact that it has been undertaken, and it is therefore entitled to the time you intended to give it.

The time therefore allotted to this plan is necessary. If you were given a thousand dollars each morning of which to make the best use, would you not feel justified in planning each expenditure? Therefore acquire the habit of scheduling.

This is but one of the very interesting topics discussed in the *Filing and Office Management Magazine*.

RAE G. STEINLAUF.

SENIOR A's

By E. M. COE

Victors of a trying race
You a minute did not waste
You sped on and on with haste
Till Fame and you met face to face.

You shall have our praise and tear
For tho' many at you jeered
You past all and never feared
For you knew Success was near.

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Facing the world side by side
Worldly Wisdom with you ride
Central as your faithful guide.

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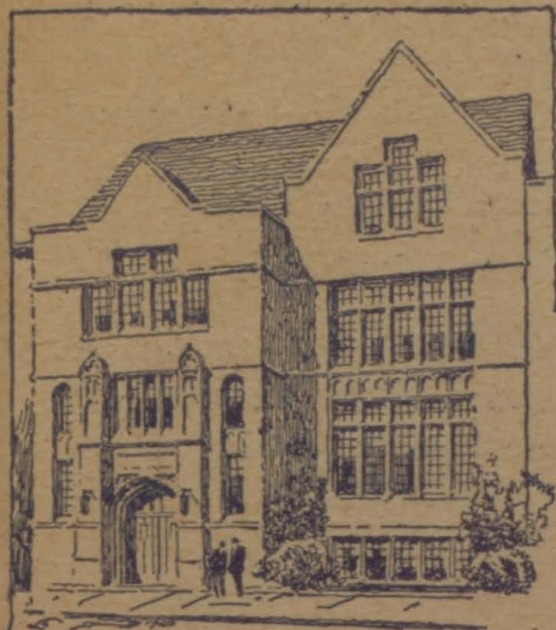


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